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CONSTANCY.

BY A. Y. R.

To Constancy, a thousand fanes are reared;
To Constancy, a thousand songs are sung;
The virtue honored, cherished, and revered,
Theme for the old, and goal to tempt the young.
Still are we taught, like fancies live and die;
Faith, Hope, and Love abide in Constancy.

Yet who that prizes Summer's golden noon,
But longs for Autumn's soft pathetic grace?
Who revels in the lavish wealth of June,
Nor sighs to think of April's varying face?
Who tired of glare, but turns to the warm gloom,
Where the great yule logs glimmer in the room?

Why, without change, a rift would deepen down;
A passing wrong would redden to a hate;
A love would wither 'neath an angry frown,
And a rash vow take all the strength of fate:
Where Constancy might darken, curse, estrange,
Fair fall the sunny power of happy change!

Let Time's soft magic wear away the wrath,
And Patience do her perfect work at last.
And Hope sow perfect blossoms in the path
That will out-bloom the night's shade of the past;
Till all that lives and moves in Life's wide ranks,
May bless the sweet vicissitudes of change.

RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ST. EGLON," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII. [CONTINUED.]

I BEG pardon—just a moment," resumed this easy individual as Mr. Fitzurse gathered up the reins. "I find I am more shaken than I thought, I fear I cannot walk—at least not without pain. I see you have a back seat empty. Considering that I owe my fall to you, would it be too much to ask if I begged you to drive me just to the head of the village?"

"It is not too much to ask," returned Mr. Fitzurse, with grim politeness. "Pray seat yourself as quickly as you can; my animals are impatient."

The man obeyed, then leant forward, saying carelessly—

"I am really much obliged; it is very good of you to do this for me after—nearly killing me."

"You have only yourself to thank for your accident," said Mr. Fitzurse, without turning towards him, and adopting the sort of tone in which men speak to inferiors.

"Perhaps so; we all have ourselves to thank for our worst evils. But I was walking with my back towards you, and never heard the carriage coming, I assure you, or I would have accommodated you and got out of your way, and given you all the road as was justly your due."

Mr. Fitzurse made no reply; but with a touch of the whip his horses broke into a trot.

"Well, after all," continued the other, with all imaginable ease, not to say grace, "I owe you some thanks for your skill in driving and your strong hand, for your animals were positively on my back when you pulled up. My invaluable existence was saved by your sheer strength, and I got off with only an ignominious roll in the dust and just a slight dazing of my wits."

Again he received no reply; but this did not cool his audacity.

He turned his handsome head towards Grace and addressed her, but quite in a different tone.

"There was no conveyance at the little railway-station to take me to Penaluna," he said, in a quiet cultivated voice, which he dropped almost to a whisper. "I did not regret it then, as I thought nothing of a walk of five miles; but I regret it now, as it has been the cause of terror and trouble to you."

"This is the village of Penaluna," said Mr. Fitzurse, pulling up suddenly and turning a face on him dark with anger. "Will you have the goodness to alight here? I cannot offer to go farther, as the street is steep as a house-roof."

"This is sufficiently near," returned the other descending with cheerful alacrity from the carriage. Then he took off his hat to Grace and bowed low. "Thanks—a thousand thanks for your kindness." Here he turned towards Mr. Fitzurse. "Thanks to you for my drive and for my tumble."

What was it he did with that supple right hand of his as he waved it in the air? Was it a mere flourish, or was it a sign of a power so strange, so secret, so strong, that kings tremble at it?

Grace saw the face of her lover flush and then gradually whiten to the hue of marble. She wondered at him and grew pale herself with her.

"Mr. Fitzurse, are you ill?" she said hurriedly.

"No, child; but our day is spoiled." He turned the horses' heads, and they went off at a swift trot.

For a moment the easy stranger stood still, looking after the carriage, a curious smile on his handsome face.

"I knew him at once," he said to himself as he turned away. "But the girl—who is she? She is too beautiful to be one of his family. Now, my lad"—and he seized a young urchin by the arm in the village-street—"here's ten cents for you to show me where Mrs. Lanyon lives!"

"Granny Lanyon?" said the boy. "She lives in that house with the green outwinder. But you can't see her; she's ill abed."

* * * * * *

Prue was like a cat in some of her instincts; she hated change of all kinds, but especially a change from her usual habit of thought into new grooves.

On the whole, she was a self-satisfied woman, and to have now to question her own wisdom was a very upsetting process which put mind and nerves into a most uncomfortable state.

Under the pressure of the new fears which beset her this morning she grew restless and irritable: she prowled up and down and to and fro in a noiseless and provoking way, startling her subordinates by her unexpected appearance and ceaseless ill-temper.

At length, as if yielding to some irresistible force, she dressed herself and then went out.

Now it was Prue's habit never to go out except on Sundays, when she attended the Methodist chapel near by and said her prayers on this one day for all the rest of the week.

It was therefore with no small surprise that the rougher members of this queer household beheld her depart in her Sunday clothes.

This circumstance alone was sufficient to prove that Prue was suffering from a mental earthquake.

She felt awed as she walked along, and kept imagining that it was Sunday, and that she was wicked to be out on a worldly errand.

Nevertheless she continued to walk steadily on, nor paused till she reached Mrs Lanyon's house.

"Now Heaven help me!" said Prue to herself, as she opened the gate of the little garden. "And surely I'm the one that ought to be helped; for I go to chapel regular, and I have to deal with a hard cantankerous woman who hasn't been to church nor chapel these twenty years!"

The door was partially open; and Prue glided in noiselessly, and then stood still in astonishment, for the accents of a masculine voice met her ear in an expostulating tone, and standing at the foot of the small steep staircase was the figure of a gentleman.

"I assure you, my good woman, I am not come for any harm; and I entreat you to see me if only for a moment."

"I'm ill abed," screamed Granny Lanyon's voice; "and I tell 'ee again your errand must wait!"

"And I repeat it can't wait," replied her visitor. "I go back to London to-day."

"And joy go with you!" cried the aggravating old woman. "I haven't got no call to mind whether you go to London or no, or where you go, so you don't bide here on my stairs bothering me. I don't want no furriners inside of my doors!"

"How do you know I am a foreigner when you have not seen me?" asked the stranger.

"I know the trick of a furrin voice, though it isn't your words that tell it!" cried Mrs Lanyon, in a sharper tone. "Who should know if I don't? And if you are come from him, the man that stole my daughter away and left his own child to starve, then you may go back to him and tell him she is a true child of his, for she has left me here in loneliness, and she's gone I don't know where!"

This last piece of information seemed to move the easy stranger, for he remained silent a moment; then, with a shrug of his shoulders, he turned and saw Prue. Evidently he was both startled and annoyed by her appearance, while she, on her part, stared at him in surprise.

Such remarkable beauty as this man possessed was rare indeed; and yet it was a strange truth that the first sight of his face had a repelling effect. Prue drew back as he approached her, and yet curtseyed very low.

"Ah, a neighbor, I suppose?" he said, with a scrutinizing look. "Have you been here long?"

"Just two minutes, sir."

"Then you heard me entreating that obstinate old woman to see me for a moment or two? I am certain she is not too ill to get up if she pleases. Perhaps, as a neighbor, you may have some influence over her. Will you try your eloquence? Mine has quite failed."

"What's your business with her?" asked practical Prue. "Mrs. Lanyon is a hard woman to deal with; she won't trouble herself unless she gets something by it."

"You seem to know her," said the easy stranger. "You may tell her she will gain something by seeing me; she shall be paid for her trouble. As for my business, that is for her ear alone. By-the-by, is it true that her granddaughter has left her?"

"Quite true: but it was because the old woman turned her out of doors."

"Ah—so the old lady is quite a character! And where is the young lady now?"

"We don't call her a young lady down here," said Prue, in a dry tone. "The girl is safe enough and in good hands."

"I am glad to hear it. And she can be found, I suppose, at any time?"

"Easy enough, especially as she is coming back to her grandmother in a day or two."

Prue said this fully believing in its truth; for she fancied that what she had to say to Mrs. Lanyon would induce her to take Grace back to her heart and home, and she never anticipated any difficulty from Grace herself.

The stranger mused a moment, and then jerked his thumb upwards towards the tattered ceiling.

"Is she honest?" he said, corrugating his thick handsome brows in a peculiar fashion. "Tell me frankly your opinion."

"I don't believe she'd take a pin that didn't belong to her," returned Prue; "but she wouldn't part with a pin either that was her own."

"Well, will you try to induce her to grant me a short interview?"

"I'll do my best, sir," said Prue, curtseying again before she ascended the stairs.

She found old Mrs. Lanyon in a fever of angry curiosity, and it did not cost much time to persuade her to allow herself to be partially dressed and seated in a tumble-down old arm-chair by the sunny casement.

The hard woman was really ill, but she fought against her weakness and repelled any touch of sympathy or of pity that Prue would have willingly given.

"You ought to have your grandchild back with you, Mrs. Lanyon. You are cruel to yourself to bide here in the house alone."

"I don't want no thankless children around me. I'm best by myself. I aren't robbed nor cheated nor abused then, and don't see no black looks nor hear no screeching fiddle. Now go and fetch this furriner; and, as all furriners be cut-throats I wish ye'd bide in the house till he goes away. I feel a bit lonesome at the notion of being here with him by myself. That's why I would not get up and see him."

Prue obeyed her, and from the head of the stairs bade the stranger walk up. He entered the little low-roofed chamber with perfect ease of manner, as though accustomed to all phases and shapes of life, high and low, rich and poor. Perhaps he would have walked into a prison-cell with the same easy and cool grace.

"Madam, I salute you;" and he bowed as no Englishman ever bows, or would ever think of doing, in such circumstances as these—a poor chamber in a cottage and a grim common old woman in a hroway chair.

"Ah, he's another of 'em!" said Mrs Lanyon to herself. "Handsome as a snake and as ugly at heart, and as full of grimaces as a mountebank. Perhaps you'll sit down and tell me your business and your name," she observed, with her keen eyes full on his handsome face.

"My name is Pietro Delgado. I fear it will sound very foreign to your ears; nevertheless I call myself an Englishman."

"Folks may call themselves what they like," remarked Mrs. Lanyon in her grimmest way. "Names don't alter things. If I called a long-creep a dove, I don't reckon he'd get wings or lose his sting."

"I beg your pardon—a long-creep, did you say?"

"Well, a snake, if you like that better."

"Madam, you have paid me a compliment. I admire snakes. They are so silent and so certain in the blow they give."

Mrs. Lanyon stared at her visitor, and then gathered her gown about her with a little shiver of repugnance and fear.

"I shall be glad to know your business at once, sir," she said, in rather a subdued voice. "I ain't well, and I'm getting tired."

Mr. Delgado glanced at Prue, who, with arms akimbo and watchful eyes, was standing at the door.

She took the hint at once and retired; but he waited till her retreating steps had finished the descent of the stairs before he spoke again.

Then he bent forward, saying, almost in a whisper—

"I'm a messenger from your son-in-law."

A sudden fire shot into Mrs. Lanyon's eyes, her angry heart gave a great bound; she stood upright and thrust out her hands as if pushing something dreadful from before her.

"After all these years," she said passionately, "does he dare send a messenger to me? What can the traitor have to say who stole my child from me and let her die without sending a word to her mother? It is too late for me to take messages when my life is nearly over and my sun sinks down in lonely pain."

Her passion had made her eloquent, her hardness had given way; she sank back in her chair again with lips quivering and hands shaking.

"But you will surely hear me!" pleaded Mr. Delgado suavely.

"I'll hear naught. Let him send his messengers to his daughter; they are nothing to me. I tell you I hate him and his name like poison!" And the resolute old woman clasped her bony hands together and turned her hard face to the window.

"You may hate him as much as you please—I have not the slightest objection to make to that; but business is business, and must be attended to, in spite of national dislikes."

"What have the nation got to do with my dislikes!" retorted Mrs. Lanyon. "It's a matter that has to do with my self only I reckon. I've cause enough for hate."

The handsome Mr. Delgado felt irritated; he would have shaken the obstinate old woman in her chair if he had dared.

"Now why did they select me for such a stupid errand as this?" he said to himself. "I am not clever in dealing with fools. I must go on another tack with her. I sympathize immediately with your hatred," he said bending forward and drooping his voice to the smoothest whisper, "but not with your anger, because that is injuring yourself."

Mrs. Lanyon, on this, turned her head and gave him her attention with a fixed gaze which might have disconcerted a less easy man.

"I am instructed to hand you one hundred and fifty dollars as part payment for your care of your grandchild during the last few years. I know it is very little; but there are circumstances surrounding my friend which render it impossible for him to send more at present."

He took a roll of notes from a pocket-book and laid them on her knee.

She clutched at them eagerly and counted the notes in a harsh whisper, wetting her fingers and thumb each time as she turned one note over the other.

"Three fifties—yes, that's one hundred and fifty. It don't pay me, you know. He don't suppose, does he, that this'll pay me for all the charges I've been put to for that idle girl of his!"

Mr. Delgado shrugged his shoulders.

"I have not the least idea what his suppositions may be," he said. "I simply obey orders in handing you that money."

"His orders!" asked Mrs. Lanyon.

"Well, not exactly, and yet his in a certain manner."

"Is that a furrin way of putting it that you don't choose to tell anything about him!" And the old woman positively smiled as she stuffed the bank-notes into her pocket.

"You may think so, if you will. And now I will deliver my message and relieve you of my presence."

"So there's a message comes with the money? Well, since I'm paid to hear it, you may speak it out.

"My friend entreats you to be kind to his daughter; and he implores you to believe that he has never failed in tenderness and affection for her: circumstances alone have compelled him to appear neglectful."

"That's grand language for saying he deserted his child; but there's no excuse in it," returned Mrs. Lanyon. "But the man who could starve my child and never send a word to say she was ill or well could easy enough forsake his own."

"You are unreasonable," said her visitor. "What can a man do when he is buried alive? How can he help himself?"

"Buried alive?"—and a little shade of thought came over the old woman's face. "Do you mean to say he is in prison again?" she cried, with a gleam of pleasure darting into her eyes."

"Worse than prison," returned Mr. Delgado, rising. "He has been condemned to the mines."

Mrs. Lanyon could not understand this. The only mines she knew of were the tin and copper ones of her own beloved county in which men worked intelligently and cheerfully for eight hours in the twenty-four, having the other sixteen free for sleep and sport.

"Working in the mines, is he?" she said, in a disappointed tone. "Well, it's a deal too good for him."

Mr. Delgado looked at her with a momentary curiosity, forgetting for an instant that nothing is so hard and cruel as ignorance.

"Your hatred lasts long," he observed quietly. "I will take my leave now, if you will allow me. Where can I see your granddaughter? I wish to speak to her."

"I can't tell you. I don't know where she is."

"Indeed! I understand from your friend that she was at a neighbor's close by."

"Then my friend knows more than I do," returned the old woman shortly. "All I can say is that she ran away from me more than two months ago, and I have not set eyes on her since."

"Then I will question your friend myself, as she seems to be perfectly aware of the young lady's place of refuge. May I promise on your behalf, in answer to my message, that, when she returns, you will treat her with every kindness?"

A momentary darkening of the eyes, a momentary spasm that shook her lip showed that Granny Lanyon had some feeling at her heart which his words had touched; yet she met his look with an unflinching gaze.

"She'll never return here; the time for kindness is past. She has had bed and board for four years, and maybe a hard word now and then. I'll not deny it. But smooth words are sometimes worse than hard ones. There, there—the young don't know what the old feel. I've no message, sir, to give; it is finished between me and him and between me and her. I'll send false words to no one. If I have been hard, I have not been so hard as he was in his smooth quiet way, sweet-voiced as honey and cruel as a shark at sea. If a curse would do him harm, I'd send it; but it wouldn't reach him; I should only waste my breath."

Her short sharp sentences had escaped her hurriedly, except the last one, which she spoke with a slow deliberation that gave a ghastly force to this expression of her hatred.

"You are right; neither blessings nor curses will reach him where he is," observed her visitor, making her a low bow and waving his hand in token of farewell.

The old woman rose and curtseyed to him in country fashion; but there was scorn upon her lip and in her eye.

"Yes, another of 'em, and a worse one!" she said to herself, as his long shadow glided from off the wall and slipped softly down the steep stairs.

"I wonder if these notes be genuine?" she said in sudden fear; and, taking them from her pocket, she held them up one by one to the light and examined them with a critic eye.

Satisfied at length, she went feebly to a dark corner of the room where a small deal box stood.

Fumbling for a key fastened to a ribbon worn round her wizen neck, she found it and unlocked the box with trembling fingers.

As she raised the lid, her eyes grew eager and full of fear—for never did she come to her hidden store without fancying she had been robbed; but soon the fear subsided, and a gleam of pleasure lit up her wrinkled face.

She unrolled the notes carefully and placed them on a pile of others which she tried to count; but her breath came short and quick, and after a little while she renounced the task and closed and locked the box again—first listening suspiciously for a moment to the murmured sound of voices which reached her from below. Satisfied that she had not been heard, she drew a sharp breath of relief and sat down upon the edge of her bed to rest, with eyes fixed on the little chest holding her treasure.

But Granny Lanyon was ill and weary, and there was an untold sickness at her heart which the sight of her money-box could not heal.

"I'm best in bed. I can sleep it away. I used to work it away in the old time when Phœbe's face always came in dreams; but now—well, now I be getting old, I s'pose, and sleep is best."

In a few minutes more Granny Lanyon's hard wrinkled face, framed by a huge old-world nightcap bordered by wide frills, was reposing on its pillow, and her eyes closed—but neither in sleep nor dreams.

The little open casement swung to and fro in the lazy wind, the sunshine glinted inwards in a broad beam, painting the whitewashed wall with a brighter gold than painter's brush can tint a palace chamber, and touching with a wistful glory the poor faded human face that had nearly seen its last of life and sin and sorrow.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN the easy Mr. Delgado reached the room below, which served for kitchen and parlor and hall, he found Prue seated by the turf-fire blowing at it vigorously.

She looked so unconscious and so comfortably ignorant that, astute as he was, it never occurred to him that she had crept in her cat-like fashion noiselessly to the head of the stairs, and, with ear at the old worm-eaten cracked door, had overheard all conversation with Betty Lanyon.

He took a chair and drew it to the hearth and spread his hands over the red glow of the turf to warm them.

Prue regarded those hands of his very curiously.

They were a gentleman's hands, and yet they bore marks of hard toil; there was a ridge on the palms, plainly visible, which showed that they were not unused to the grasp of tools.

A miner working with pick and gad would have just such a palm as that; but why a gentleman should bear such a sign of toil Prue could not understand.

Moreover, there was an odd mark upon his wrist, much such a mark as shows on a finger when a tight ring has pressed into the flesh.

She saw this as he raised his hands from the warmth and his wristband fell back. He caught her gaze and readjusted his sleeve instantly, not without a slight frown which came and went swiftly as a shadow.

"I find these October days chilly," he said carelessly.

"It is a warmer country, sir, perhaps where you came from?"

"No, I think not," returned Mr. Delgado slowly, as if considering the matter. "And in fact I have lived most of my life in England and am not all accustomed to hear myself called a foreigner. It quite amuses me."

"It is not your speech, sir, but the turns of your voice," began Prue.

"Don't apologize, pray," he interposed; "it is a matter of no consequence, and I have other things to speak of. Can you find her now and bring her here to see me?"

"Not at this moment, sir, I can't. She is gone out for the day with a friend."

Mr. Delgado's countenance changed at this information; he looked angry and spoke impatiently.

"Is she gone far? Cannot you send for her? I really cannot waste a day down here because a child has gone somewhere to play with a companion. She must be found, and I will wait here to see her. I can just give you an hour," he concluded, as he looked at his watch.

"I could not fetch her in an hour," said Prue. "I live more than three miles from here."

"And is she staying with you?" he asked quickly.

Prue could fence and answer evasively, but she could not tell a falsehood; so although her instincts were roused against this man, and all her cat-like caution was on the alert, she could think of no other answer than the truth.

"She is with me at present," she said. "But she'll be back here in a day or two with her grandmother."

It was not quite Prue's fault if this reply of hers made a false impression.

She was bound by a promise to respect her master's wish for secrecy; and if she acknowledged that she was housekeeper to a gentleman, questions would oblige her to name Mr. Fitzurse; and this she was resolved, if possible, not to do.

"Yes, yes, no doubt she will come back, and the old woman will behave better now," said Mr. Delgado; "and doubtless meanwhile she is quite safe with so respectable a lady as yourself. All this is not the question at present—in fact, the question is whether or not I shall defer my journey for the sake of seeing this young lady. Is there any place near by where I can put up comfortably for the night?"

"There is no good inn within five or six miles," returned Prue emphatically.

"Can I get any conveyance in this village?"

Prue shook her head.

"There's a small van—a kittereen we call it—that goes to the station sometimes; there is nothing else."

"What a Siberia this place must be!" returned Mr. Delgado, biting his thumb-nail in evident vexation. "What can I do?"

"If you have any message for Grace Lanyon, you can trust me with it," said Prue bluntly. "I'll deliver it word for word. Then I should say your best plan would be to return to London as you intended."

"Very good advice," he said musingly, "and exactly what I wish to do, if it can be done without danger—I mean without detriment to one's own valuable comfort. The truth is, it is not so much a message I have to give as information I am requested to bring back. I shall be expected to—to send some one a description of the young lady whom you call Grace Lanyon down here."

"I can give you a description of her," said Prue, with cheerful alacrity.

"Can you? I should think that might do. I have a great mind to risk it," responded Mr. Delgado, who was evidently weighing the loss of his own comfort at a village inn against some other contingency. "Have you a photograph of her?" he added eagerly.

"A photograph? No; Betty Lanyon could never afford that. But I can tell you precise as an almanac what she is like."

Mr. Delgado took pocket-book and pencil and jotted down with minute care Prue's description of Grace.

Mr. Fitzurse would have been very wrathful and Grace herself would have smiled could they have heard it.

The portrait was as unflattering as she could make it, though, for the sake of her own conscience, she did here and there touch it with word of truth.

"I think that will do;" and Mr. Delgado closed his pocket-book. "Good eyes, you say, but pale—no complexion, in fact—and small and insignificant-looking. Yes, I believe I may really venture to return to London to-night. I shall have just time to catch my train. I am sorry the girl is not handsome. By-the-by, who is the very beautiful young lady who lives in this neighborhood?"

"I haven't the least notion," said Prue, with a blank face. "I don't know what lady you mean."

"She was driving with—with a gentleman," he answered, making a pause on the word. "He nearly ran over me."

"Did he?" said Prue.

"Yes; I don't thank him. I am a little lame still. Can you tell me by what name he is known? He was driving a pair of bays."

"How can I tell a gentleman's name by the color of his horses?" demanded Prue. "There's plenty of folks drives bays."

"Not in this part of the world, surely?"

"Oh, we are not without gentry!" rejoined Prue. "There's a few folks left down here, for all London is so big."

"Then you certainly ought to know who this gentleman is," said Mr. Delgado, a little searchingly.

"I dare say if I were to meet him," returned Prue, in a dry way.

"You must surely have met his carriage as you were coming here. He drove me to the top of the village street."

"And I came in at the bottom of it," said Prue, "by a footpath that goes round the cliff."

Mr. Delgado's eyes were on her face; but as she happened to be telling the exact truth with regard to her way of entering the village, she bore his gaze unflinchingly. After taking her directions as to where he should find the rude vehicle which sometimes carried passengers to the station, Mr. Delgado departed.

Prue gazed after him with a puzzled twist of her sagacious nose.

That a stranger should visit Penaluna was in itself a surprising fact, but that he should come to Betty Lanyon's and hand her over one hundred and fifty dollars, and bring messages from a man so long forgotten that he was as good as dead, were facts more surprising still.

All this invested Grace with a new interest, and Prue felt, in thinking of her, as if she were trying to find out a riddle. Yet the greatest enigma of all was Mr. Delgado himself—a man so handsome, so easy, so graceful, and yet so repelling that Prue could but wonder at him and search vainly for some cause for the repugnance that she felt.

"For all he is so handsome, there is a deal of ugliness in him," she said to herself.

"And that was master for certain who nearly ran over him! And why was he so curious about him, I wonder? There—I'm glad I put him off his notion of seeing Grace. Somehow I don't want him to know she is in his house. Well, now I must go and tell Betty Lanyon that her granddaughter must come home unless—unless she wants worse misfortunes to fall on her than even befell her daughter Phœbe."

Prue went thoughtfully up the steep stairs, but in twenty minutes, when she descended them, her face was graver still. She caught up her shawl from the chair where she had flung it and ran out hurriedly. But in a few minutes she was back again, bringing with her an old mumbling man, who seemed all rags and bones, and a girl who had no countenance at all to speak of.

Not but that she had the usual amount of features; but they were perfectly expressionless and of a nondescript form.

"The obstinate old soul is a deal worse than she thinks herself," said Prue, shouting this in a hoarse whisper in the old man's ear. "But she won't have anybody tend her but mazed Molly and you. She is afraid, you see, of being robbed, and she thinks Molly haven't sense enough to be a thief, and you are too crippled to move. So you bide here by the turf-fire, and keep the kettle boiling and the milk warm, and mind Molly goes up-stairs constant through the night and takes her up plenty of warm slops."

"All right," returned the old man, nodding his head furiously, to let her know he had heard and understood. "And Molly is spry enough. Idiot though she be, she is uncommon handy at nursing folks, and uncommon 'fectionate too. Bless you, she'd sit holding my hand and kissing of it by the hour together if I'd let her."

And old Jeremiah Jenkins looked lovingly at the unshapely form of his daughter as she sat smiling at him, with her unginly feet thrust out before her large flat face looking much like a white plate with a thimble on it for a nose.

Prue twisted her shawl about her, and with a last glance at this old picture, shut the door on it, and left them.

"They are a safe couple to leave with her," she said. "Jeremiah's joints have turned to chalk. He can put turf on the fire, but he couldn't open a lock to save his life. And as for mazed Molly, she's no more notion of bank-notes than she have of cherubins. No money beyond a cent would tempt her; she don't understand ten cents even."

With these consolatory thoughts, Prue walked swiftly home by the shortest path by cliff and scaur, over brook and meadow, taking no heed of the blue sea, or the bluer hills, whose distant peaks were crowned by the gold of the setting sun.

CHAPTER X.

YES, the day was spoiled. Grace knew not why; but the grapes in eating had turned sour, the luncheon in the wood fell flat.

The sun seemed to go down on them in strange gloom.

Mr. Fitzurse had left the carriage and horses at a little inn by the roadside, and a servant from this place had carried the basket to the wood and waited on them there. Grace half hoped that it was only the presence of this man that caused the constaint and coldness which had fallen on them; but now, as they were walking back to the inn, Mr. Fitzurse holding his boy by the hand, the same silence, the same cloud of separation was with them.

Grace dared not ask the cause of this. Her heart was too full, tears were too near her eyes for her to venture on speech.

And he had the right to treat her thus if he chose.

It was, in truth, only a kindness to show her the huge wall that stood between himself and the poor waif whom his large charity had helped.

If sometimes a look, a tone of his, had made her forget this wall, and brought to her heart a mingling of fear and joy, the fault was greater in her than in him, and she alone would expiate it.

A little while, and their feet would traverse the same road, no more—never perchance again would their hearts beat so near each other as now, when they walked side by side—now, when she felt the joy of this nearness in every vein—now, when she had but to lift her eyes to see his face.

The day would come when her sight might ache for this in vain, the day when all faces would be a blank to her and the whole world empty because he was not by her side.

As these thoughts ran, with a swift ache, through her heart, she suddenly looked up and caught his gaze fixed on her.

It was a sad passionate gaze, full of strange memories and mournful care, and fear, that drove love from his eyes as quickly as lightning flashes from a cloud and dies as it shines.

A swift rush of color tinged Grace's soft cheek, and as swiftly faded, as, full of lovely trouble, she turned away her face.

Yet in another second, even as her heart bounded still against her side, she told herself that this gaze of sorrow had no thought of her in it.

Not once or twice, but many times this day, he had spoken of her departure calmly;

he had surely grown weary of her presence; she was but a shadow flitting into his life for a moment, and soon to vanish for ever.

As if to prove this thought of hers correct, he began to speak in a light gay tone of a hundred indifferent things—of scenery, of lights and shows in the sky, of the Cornish people and their quaint simple ways; all his words light as the midges in the air, which flew around and touched her only to sting.

In the little parlor of the inn the tired boy climbed to her knee and fell asleep with her arm around him.

Mr. Fitzurse watched them both silently, a smile in his eyes, half tender.

Then he bade her place him on the sofa and put a shawl around him, and let him sleep a while.

"There is a glen close by I want you to see; little Alan will not wake till we come back," he said.

He rose and opened the door for her to pass out.

Even this slight act had a significance in it for Grace; he never did this for Prue. As he was about to close the door softly, Grace looked back with an anxious gaze upon the sleeping child.

Mr. Fitzurse saw it, and, to her surprise, spoke irritably.

"There can no harm come to him here. Are you afraid to leave him for only a few minutes? I am only asking for so little of your time as that. He is happy in having you to care for him," he added, in a softer tone. Then turning back suddenly to hardness, he added again, "And you love and leave him as all women do."

"The fault is not mine," said Grace, surprised and trembling at this reproach.

"No; it is mine. And you are quite right in your wish to leave. I have been unfair—ungenerous in keeping you here so long," he answered drily.

"I have been very happy," Grace murmured very low.

"So have I," he said, in a bitter tone, his eyes looking straight forward in a haggard way, as though he saw some dreadful sight invisible to her. "No, not happy; but I thought I had forgotten myself, and I find I was mistaken. Ah, Grace, you are too young to curse your memory! But, as for me, I wish I could forget myself to stone."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Signing the Papers.

BY SOPHIE KAUTZ.

THE little parlor was the prettiest, neatest room you ever saw, and the little woman with sparkling eyes who tapped the carpet so restlessly with her small slipper, was the prettiest, neatest little woman you ever ought to want to see.

The tall fellow who stood so straight up before the mantel-shelf was a handsome man, too, and looked good-tempered, so that when you knew these two were man and wife, and this pretty house their home, you would have imagined you had fallen upon a perfect nest of domestic bliss.

But listen a moment.

"It's just what I might have expected when I married you!" snapped Mrs. Jenny.

"Pity you hadn't found it out sooner," coolly returned Mr. John.

"I wish I had! I could go where I pleased when I was at home."

"And so could I when I was a bachelor."

"Well, why didn't you stay a bachelor?"

"Because I hadn't good sense, that's why!"

Jenny began to sob.

"Oh, oh! I think it's awful to say it was not good sense to marry me; I'll go back to my mother, I will!"

"Really, I think it would be the best thing you could do," returns John.

"I will! Unless you say I may go to Brighton, I will go and stay."

"I've already said I couldn't afford a trip to Brighton. If you want to go down to my aunt Higgins' I'll send you at once."

"I won't go there! I hate your horrid old aunt Higgins."

"Very well. I detest my mother-in-law!"

"Oh, you monster! And you could afford it, you know you could, if you didn't always spend so much for your dreadful cigars and beer."

"It's none of your business what I spend."

"Then it's none of your business where I go to."

"Very well, madam, go to Old Nick for all I care."

Jenny fairly screamed.

"Oh, you horrible John Denison! I won't live with any man who treats me so. I'm going home this very day. And I'll stay too, so I will. My mother won't let me be treated so."

"All right, ma'am. I dare say a separation would suit us both much better."

"It would suit me, I'm sure."

Mrs. Jenny stopped crying, and her bright eyes being as red as her cheeks and much swollen, she did not look as pretty as usual.

"Very well," said Mr. Denison, taking up his hat to leave the room. "I will send a lawyer and we will divide the things fairly and have it done with. I'm willing to make a fair settlement for you, so that you won't have to look to your mother for money—and that's all I will do."

"That's all I want. And I don't care a snap if I never set eyes on you again."

"Tit-for-tat, Madam. No doubt we shall both be satisfied. I'll arrange affairs here and leave for a holiday at Hastings."

"Oh, oh, and you couldn't afford to let me have a month at Brighton. I'll—I'll get a divorce right off."

"No need. We'll just draw up an agreement to separate, and sign it before a lawyer, and save the publicity of a divorce. Neither of us will want to marry again, any how."

"I should think not. One experience of that is enough."

"Well, we will arrange things immediately, and you can go to your mother's as soon as you please."

"I'm going now. You can send me my part of the things, for I shan't wait here another day."

"All right. Have you got money for your fare?"

"Yes, you gave me enough yesterday."

"Then I'll see the lawyer at once, and you can sign the papers before you go."

"No, I won't go to a lawyer's office. You can bring them down to mother's for me to sign before you go to—to Hastings."

John went out, and Mrs. Jenny, drying the last tear, went to her chamber and proceeded to pack her trunk, hailed a passing cab to take her to the station, left the coldest note of good-bye on a card for John, and at supper-time the same night, astonished her mother by walking in at the door of her old home, and saying she had come to stay forever.

Mrs. Smith, who was a very amiable woman, and whom her son-in-law did not detest at all, guessed the state of the case very fairly.

And when Jenny's father, who did not at all approve of the course the child was taking, would have sent her back at once, she interposed, saying—

"No, no, father. Just let this little domestic difficulty work its own way. It will be very nice to have the child make us a little visit, and you'll see how it will end. Just keep your own counsel, and no one will be any the wiser."

So they told the neighbors that Jenny had come for a few days, and her husband would come for her when her visit was over.

Jenny did not say much, but her mother noticed that her eyes were red a good part of the time, and she did not care to go out anywhere with her friends.

The fourth day came a post-card from John, saying he would be there next day with the papers for Jenny to sign, and then she could tell him where to send her part of the things, so that he could break up and be off at once, for it was too lonely to stay in town.

Jenny said not one word when she tossed the card to her mother to read.

Neither did Mrs. Smith, but she smiled very significantly, and slipped the card away where no one else would get hold of it.

The next day, about the hour when John must arrive, Mrs. Smith took the carriage and drove away, saying she would be back in and hour or so, leaving Jenny to meet her husband alone.

Jenny tried to look very cold and haughty and succeeded in looking extremely silly.

John, on his part, tried to look very fierce and stern, and succeeded in looking very stiff and awkward while they were both very red in the face, and very nervous.

"I—I have brought—these," he said taking a package of papers from his pocket, "and if you will sign them I can go back to town this evening. Here is a pen and ink, I see."

"You will have to show me where to sign," says Jenny. "I never saw any—any such papers."

"Oh, certainly. Write here, and here, and here. And—ahem!—my—Jenny, I—I might as well say while we are about it, I don't bear you any ill-will."

"Oh, no, no! Nor I you," faltered poor Jenny.

"And I—I am sorry I said that about your mother. She's a good woman."

"Yes, John. And I'm—I'm sorry I said I hated your aunt Higgins."

"I forgive it, Jenny."

"And I—I—wish—I had gone there."

"Well, I wish I had let you go to Brighton. Will you sign now, Jenny?"

Jenny flung down the pen.

"No, no! I don't want to sign any old hateful papers! I don't want to have you go away, John. I can't stand it. I—oh, dear me!" Jenny burst into tears.

John jumped up, and caught her in his arms, and whispered—

"Pet, shall we go home together, and begin over again?"

"Yes, yes!" sobbed Jenny, with a dozen kisses.

And then—well, then, when Mrs. Smith came home she smiled again, and got the nicest supper she could for her reconciled children.

THE CROCODILE.—After the eggs have been buried by the female she frequently visits the nest, and when the young are about to come out she has been seen to move about the nest in clumsy tenderness scratching and pawing the shells and uttering a curious bark-like sound that seems to excite the half-hatched young to renewed exertions to extricate themselves from the broken eggs. This accomplished, the mother leads her young from the river to the marshy pools, safe from predatory visits of the male. If hunted at this time the female crocodile exhibits the utmost ferocity and shows great cunning in guiding her young to places of safety. The young are fed by the mother, as are many of the young sea birds, by masticated food, disgorged for the purpose.

AN old bachelor recently gave the following toast:—"Woman—the morning star of infancy, the day star of manhood. Bless our stars, and may they always be kept at a telescopic distance."

One Summer.

BY H. J. B. H.

MURIEL LEDYARD'S father was a grave and rather studious man, who, ever since the death of his wife ten years before, had devoted himself to researches in geology and entomology.

He supplied his daughter with money necessary to meet her expenses at home and at school, and that was about all the attention he paid her.

If it had not been for Mr. Ledyard's genial and motherly housekeeper, Muriel would have led but a lonely life.

As it was, she had lived in an atmosphere so simple and pure that she knew little of the ways and customs of the world outside.

Muriel looked very thoughtful this evening as she poured out her father's cup of tea.

"Papa," she said at last, "I received a letter from Aunt Everett yesterday, and she wishes us to take the son of a friend of hers to stay with us for the summer."

"Does she?" said Mr. Ledyard in an abstracted manner. "Well, I see no objection, if the boy is quiet and well-behaved."

Muriel smiled, and then laughed.

"But I'm afraid he isn't a boy, papa, but a young man. Aunt says he has been overstudying."

"Tell aunt Everett he may come, by all means," said Mr. Ledyard.

"I see no objection."

And so handsome, careless Ward Maxwell became a member of the Ledyard household.

He was tall, handsome as an Adonis, with a crop of curly blonde hair covering the shapely head, languid, dreamy blue eyes, and a rich, deep voice—just the man who least deserves the love of a pure, true woman, but also the one who would be the most likely to win it.

Ward Maxwell, young as he was, had been declared to be without a heart, as many a fair maid had found out to her cost.

Without any effort on his part he won the love of women, who saw only his external beauty, and were blind to all his sins and follies.

And young Ward Maxwell had been known to laughingly and sarcastically boast of the many women who had loved him, and whose hearts he could easily break if he tried.

Small wonder that little Muriel—poor, innocent, unsophisticated child!—should think him the noblest and handsomest man she had ever seen.

Small wonder that her tender, susceptible heart should stray from her keeping, and become Ward Maxwell's?

And Ward?

Too well did he see his own power, too well did he see what the ending of that summer would be.

But for all that he did not hesitate or falter in the least.

Poor little Muriel!

Even if he felt disposed to fall in love with the little country maiden, which he did not, he knew she could never become his wife.

That she was pretty and even beautiful, he could not deny; but what would his proud and elegant mother say if he should install little Muriel Ledyard as mistress of Maxwell Manor? What would the world say?

Muriel was inexpressibly happy during these delightful summer months.

Her life seemed to her like a tale of enchantment—a beautiful dream, instead of reality.

Oh, that it had been only a dream!

Sometimes, out in the orchard, where the shadows and sunshine blended together, Ward would read for her some of Tennyson's beautiful love poems.

And Muriel would hold her breath with a delight so keen that it was almost a pain as she listened to his deep, passionate voice.

And then—how it happened I do not know; it may be that Heaven wished to punish this man, who was playing so cruelly with a young and innocent girl's heart—Ward Maxwell woke to the consciousness one day that he loved this girl with whom he had been flirting so long.

It was a new and strange experience to him, and he could not comprehend it at first.

His love, though entirely selfish, was still strong, and he did not try to check it.

One lovely August evening, when the moon was sailing grandly through the heavens, all nature seemed asleep, he poured his love in Muriel's ears, and asked her to be his wife.

And sweet Muriel did not say nay.

A week later Ward departed for his city home, after promising to write every few days.

But no letters ever came, and Muriel's heart almost broke, and the fawn-like eyes were often humid with unshed tears.

Six months later she read in one of the town papers of the marriage of Ward Maxwell to a wealthy and aristocratic London belle.

Thus another woman's trusting heart broke and made no sign—thus another dream of happiness was scattered to the winds.

If, in his elegant luxurious home, where a frivolous, exacting wife, rapidly growing old and unlovely, makes his life miserable, Ward Maxwell ever sighs for the love and devotion of the little "nut-brown mayde," dainty Muriel Ledyard, he makes no sign.

He has sown the "seed of a lingering pain," and knows that he is reaping the harvest.

Bric-a-Brac.

CAUSE OF SUCIDE.—A melancholy Englishman is said to have once killed himself on discovering, at a chance visit to an exhibition of the solar microscope, the thousands of animalcules which he swallowed with every glass of water.

MOUNTING PEGASUS.—A figurative expression, denoting the act of poetical composition. Origin: Pegasus was fabled horse, with wings, who, as soon as he was born, left the earth, and flew up to Mount Helicon, where he fixed his residence, and became a favorite with muses.

THE DEAF.—If people are deaf their eyesight is generally good; if they are blind their hearing is good, or their touch sensitive. Nature is very apt to compensate them for some evils by conferring upon them great benefits. Recently in Paris, the bride, the bridegroom, best man, and the two bridesmaids were all deaf and dumb, and the marriage service was performed by signs only.

ALMA MATER.—This name is given by students to the university in which they were educated. Occasionally, the term is used to designate the earth or Nature. Origin:—Alma is a Latin word, signifying benign, or mild; and mater, mother. Thus by a figure of speech, the university is the mother from which the mind receives its nurture; as also is Nature, or the earth, a mother, from which mankind derive all that they enjoy.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.—The forget-me-not is not without its superstitions, having be supposed to possess the peculiar property of hardening steel. It was also said that if edged tools of this metal were made red hot, and then dipped in its juice, the steel would become so hard as to cut iron, or even stone, without turning the edge. In the Netherlands a syrup is made of the juice of this plant, and given as a remedy against consumptive coughs.

SEEING THE LIONS.—This is a common phrase for seeing the most interesting and remarkable sights of any place, especially of London. Origin: about forty years since there was a menagerie in the Tower of London, in which lions were kept. During these times of comparative simplicity, when a stranger visited the metropolis for the first time, it was usual to take him to the Tower, and show him the lions as one of the chief sights. Thus, by analogy, the most remarkable objects of a place are called "the lions," and the act of visiting them is termed "seeing the lions," "lionizing."

THE KORAN AND THE SWORD.—With the Mahommedans, the sword when drawn in defense of their religion wins Paradise. The Koran teaches them as follows:—"When ye encounter unbelievers, strike off their heads until ye have made a great slaughter among them. God Commandeth you to fight His battles that He may prove you. And as to those who are slain in defense of God's true religion, He will guide them into Paradise. He will introduce them into gardens beneath which rivers of pure waters flow, and through which run rivers of milk, the taste whereof changeth not, and rivers of wine, pleasant unto those who drink, and rivers of clarified honey; and therein shall they have plenty of all kinds of fruits, and pardon from the Lord."

A BIRD DISPUTE.—The nest of a pair of ravens, in which the hen was sitting, was nearly destroyed by a storm. With strenuous efforts the birds repaired the damage and the hen continued her incubation, when a second storm arose which again assailed their rudely constructed domicile. For a few days the ravens were missing, after which they returned, but conjugal disagreement finished what the violence of the winds had begun. The work of nidification was recommenced, but one bird was determined upon repairing the original, while the other began building a new nest. For a time the divided labor was proceeded with, when, as if by mutual compromise—their affection being too real to permit either of them to "stand out" any longer—both abandoned their separate undertakings and finally completed a new and substantial nest, the shelter of which a vigorous brood was reared. The "moral" can be read without spectacles.

DEATH ON THE TURN OF DAY.—A recent author writes: I heard a lady say to a physician the other day: "I was watching one night at the bedside of a dying child. I asked the doctor when death might be looked for. He replied: 'Any time after 12 o'clock.' Why did he set that time?" "Because," replied the physician, "for some unexplained reason a large majority of natural deaths especially, when the patients are children, occur on the turn of the day, as the country people say. That is, from 12 to 3, either at noon or night." "There is no explainable reason for this?" I asked. "None. It is one of the mysteries that envelop death. But of 100 persons dying by natural process, 80 will die within three hours." A curious correspondent who asks if the "turn of the day," when 80 out of 100 sick people die, has anything to do with the atmospheric lull that comes on twice daily between 11 and 3 o'clock, when the land and sea breezes are about to change places. In hot climates, he says, and near the sea, "great lassitude is experienced in the day-time after 11 o'clock till the breeze comes in from the sea, and equal lassitude in the night before the land breezes springs up. Mid-day and mid-night are alike suffocating for want of air. Evening is fanned from the sea, moaning from the land. Both are bracing, the mid-lull enfeebling."

RAINBOW TINTS.

BY IDA GLENWOOD.

The path is bright, where shadows fall,
Their darkness cannot cover all;
Up through some rift, a joy will peep,
To hush our sadness into sleep.

It's not all gloom, when sombre night,
With curtains dark, shuts out the light:
In their black folds, some little star,
Betrays a gleam, sent from afar.

It's not all grief, it's not all pain;
There are clouds of beauty, clouds of rain;
Each has its blessing to impart,
While hiding sunshine for the heart.

The birdling in his nest of down,
Looks upwards, when the snow-clouds frown,
And listens for the call of love,
That's sure to reach him from above.

The hand that leads, the hand that guides;
The love that for each want provides,
Is tender with "the bruised reed"
And sends a comfort to each need.

Then hush my heart, nor murmur more,
For rainbow glories gild the shore:
It's not all darkness, not all pain,
The sun is shining through the rain.

THE BROKEN RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE General had arranged for the whole party at Brentwood to go over to the Glen in a day or two.

"I think," Sir Basil had said, "that, if I could hear the sound of happy voices and laughter once more in the old hall, it would cease to be haunted."

So the kindly Duchess settled that they should go and do their best to be happy and bright.

They were to drive over in time for luncheon, spend the afternoon in looking over the house and grounds, dine, and return home in the cool of the evening.

Sir Basil was anxious with regard to the entertainment of his guests.

"It is quite a new thing for me to have visitors," he said to Leah. "My mother's health was so delicate, we received no friends in Italy."

"I am sure we shall all be happy," returned Leah brightly.

To her it seemed as though she were going to spend the day in some earthly paradise.

"I long to see Glen," she added. "I have heard so much of it."

"I wish that more pleasant memories hung over it," he said mournfully.

And she, raising her lovely face to his, said:

"We must drive the unpleasant ones away for you and put other and happier in their place."

"You will do that," he declared warmly, "if you come often."

And, although the words meant so little, her heart thrilled with joy at hearing them.

She counted the hours until the day came: and again the patience of the maid was most severely tried.

Leah Hatton never looked more radiant and lovely than on the day when she went to see the home of the man with whom she had fallen in love.

Over a dress of pale cool amber she wore rich black lace, on her head was a broad-brimmed hat with rich drooping plume—a hat that threw a shade on the bewitching face, softened it, and made it more charming than ever.

She had no ornaments, but she wore a Marshal Neil rose at her throat.

The summer day itself was not more fair.

The Duchess had been, she persuaded herself, the very perfection of discretion.

Since the little episode of the passion-flower she had made no allusion to Sir Basil.

She was quick to see and understand.

Without hearing a word, she knew that this girl who had been as ice and marble to all lovers looked on Sir Basil with very different eyes.

She remembered the words she had thought so foolish, yet which now seemed so true.

"I shall know him when I meet him," Leah had said. "I shall recognize him the first moment my eyes fall on his face."

She had laughed at the words and at the idea, but she laughed no longer.

Could it be true—was it possible—that in Sir Basil this proud cold girl had found the ideal she had waited for?

The Duchess was almost frightened.

"I will have nothing to do with it in any way," she said to herself. "I am not superstitious, but Leah has made me afraid. Supposing that she loves this man with all her heart and that he does not love her? No: I will not hurry it on or help it by word or look."

She watched, and saw enough.

She noticed that, heedless of what Sir Basil thought or felt about it, Leah was learning to love him with all her heart.

She was a different being: the calm and repose of true happiness had come to her; there was no more restlessness.

Day by day her beauty, under this new influence, grew more spirituelle.

Sir Basil admired Miss Hatton.

He thought her beautiful and gifted: he enjoyed long conversation with her; he praised her voice and her singing; he liked to tell her all his thoughts and exchange ideas with her.

But the Duchess, in her own mind, decided as yet that he was not in love with Leah, although it was very probable that he soon would be.

"How is it?" thought her Grace, "that he does not find it out? The girl's voice takes a different tone when she speaks to him and her face is transfigured. But men are proverbially blind!"

As they started, on this fair morning, for Glen, the Duchess wondered whether on Sir Basil's seeing Leah in his own home, it would occur to him that it would be an excellent thing to have her there altogether—to ask her to be mistress of the place he loved so well, but from which he had been exiled so long.

It was a suggestive situation certainly.

The kindly heart of the Duchess grew interested in the affair.

It would be a terrible thing for Leah to love without being loved.

"She has just one of those passionate, poetical, impulsive natures that will lead her to love madly, and to die if she loves in vain," she said to herself.

She watched the bright rapturous look on the exquisite face.

"Heaven send the girl her heart's desire!" said the Duchess: and her eyes filled with tears.

Sir Basil stood at the outer gate of the park to meet them.

"Welcome," he said—"welcome to Glen!"

He walked by the side of the carriage which held the Duchess and Leah.

The Duchess was pleased to see that he pointed out all the beauties of the place to Leah, and listened with interest to her remarks.

She had been ambitious for Leah once upon a time; she had hoped to see her a duchess; she had hoped that she would make some wonderful marriage.

But now she felt that the best thing would be for her beautiful protege to marry for love.

Sir Basil would be an excellent match for her.

He was wealthy; even if he were not, Leah would have so much money herself that there was no need for her to make it a consideration in marrying.

The young Baronet was gifted with every good quality.

She might certainly, with her brilliant beauty and grand prospects, have done much better; but she might also have done worse.

With a girl of that kind, full of romance and fancies and strange ideas, the first consideration was her happiness.

She was startled from her thoughts by a sudden exclamation from Leah; her face had grown pale, as it did always in times of great emotion.

"Look, Duchess," she cried, "what a beautiful picture!"

The approach to Glen was through a magnificent avenue of beech trees; they were not to be surpassed for size and beauty in the county.

The avenue was wide and well kept, the grass green and smooth, and, when it terminated, the full glories of Glen were to be seen.

Now, with the sunlight falling upon it, it was dazzling to the eyes of those who viewed it.

The house itself was built of red stone, with white facings, and the front of it was ornamented with rich quaint carvings.

There was a terrace gay with white and scarlet blossoms, a broad flight of steps, ornamented with huge vases and fine statues, leading to the gardens below.

In the gardens were several superb fountains, the silvery spray of which rose high in the air and glistened in the sunlight: the flowers were of every imaginable hue.

The whole formed a picture so brilliant that even the Duchess could not refrain from a cry of delight.

"It is the most beautiful place I have ever seen," she said.

"You would not think it was darkened by a tragedy," observed Sir Basil.

"Nor is it," said the Duchess quickly. "Life and death are everywhere side by side. You must try to forget; think of the bright side."

Etiquette compelled Sir Basil to give the Duchess his arm as he led the way up the broad marble steps.

She looked at the statues with admiration.

"This reminds one of Italy," said Leah—"fountains, flowers, and marble statues."

He turned to her eagerly.

"You like it then?" he asked anxiously. "I think it is beautiful, and I am pleased that you agree with me."

They passed into the entrance hall, with its groined roof, its old-fashioned stained glass windows and armor, its stained oak flooring and exotics.

With graceful courtesy Sir Basil bade them welcome; and Leah, looking at his face, saw that it was deadly pale.

"Was this the place," she asked, "where the accident——"

"Yes," he replied; "it was here that my poor sister rushed, enveloped in flames, and just here, where these white lilies stand, she fell down to die. By my mother's orders they are kept there. Whenever I pass, I seem to see the flying figure again, and to hear my sister cry."

Leah stepped forward and stood by the white lilies.

"Look at me," she said, flushing slightly, "as I stand here; it will fill your mind with fresh thoughts."

"It may well do so," thought the Duchess, as she noticed the unconscious grace and beauty of the girl's attitude.

Would he ever, as he passed through the hall where his fair young sister had met so sad a fate, forget the girl with her pleading, passionate face, trying to make sweet what had been so bitter to him?

"Thank you," he replied simply. "You have been so kind to me, Miss Hatton, from the first happy moment I saw you: you add to your goodness by giving me a pleasant memory."

Leah's face showed her delight: it was indeed pleasant to hear such words of commendation from him.

But the Duchess said to herself, "Pretty little scene, sentimental enough: but there is no love, Sir Basil, on your side."

Then the other visitors reached the hall.

There was a discussion as to the antiquity of the roof and the armor, and as to the date of a fine old window, and then they passed on to the library.

Sir Basil made a charming and hospitable host.

As the day wore on, Leah was pleased to see that his face brightened, and that several times it lost the melancholy expression that had seemed like a cloud over it.

He was very attentive to her: he lingered by her side, and showed her the chief objects of attraction.

The Duchess summed up the whole situation briefly.

Leah had loved him at first sight; but, if ever he learned to love her, it would be after months of friendship.

That day spent at Glen was one of the happiest in Leah's life, and the memory of it was to her like a strain of sweet music in which there was no discord.

CHAPTER XX.

AS the day passed on, the intimacy between Leah and the Baronet increased. The General grew warmly attached to Sir Basil.

He said—what was a great thing for him to say—that, if ever Heaven had blessed him with a son, he should have liked him to resemble Sir Basil.

All the visitors, and they were many, admired and liked him; he was a general favorite, and he spent far more of his time at Brentwood than at Glen.

With every day that dawned, with every sun that rose and set, with every bright moon that waxed and waned, Leah's love deepened.

The world was as nothing to her: she became absorbed in this one passion, it was her life, her all.

There are some to whom this fatal gift of a great love is given.

They are the happiest, even as they are the most miserable; they reach the highest bliss that life offer, and they know the most bitter of its pains.

No one warned Leah.

The Duchess looked on interested, as she would have been in any trial of skill or any struggle for mastership.

She did not interfere either by word or look.

She knew it was useless.

She never ceased wondering how it was that Leah, who had refused some of the best offers in England, had given her heart and soul at first sight to this man.

Leah was hardly the same girl in Sir Basil's presence; her face, her voice, her manner changed completely; her love transfigured her.

If he touched her dress in passing, she trembled; if he touched her hand in greeting, she grew pale as the petal of a white lily; when she sang to him, all the pent-up passion of her soul seemed to go out to him.

Such a world of love lay in the dark eyes.

It would have been a thousand times better for Leah had she never had such a pretty theory as that of souls meeting, or filled her mind with ideal notions.

No misgivings came to her, no doubt, no fear.

She never asked herself whether her great love would be returned, she never asked herself how it would end; she lived entirely in the present, each day full of happiness, of interest, of the beauty and glory of the passion that possessed her.

She had forgotten that they would soon leave Brentwood, she had forgotten that they were going to Dene Abbey; she had forgotten everything, except that Sir Basil was near her and that she loved him.

Every dream, every wish of her life was realized; there was no more to desire.

She would have been quite content to lie down in the light of her great love and die.

It seemed to her that all her life had been ordered for this.

Now she had reached the haven of rest, never thinking that the storms in the haven might be greater than those on the open sea.

It happens so often that a great love is lavished in vain.

Sir Basil saw nothing of Leah's.

He admired her exceedingly; but he never dreamed of loving her.

He would have done anything for her: he had the kindly affection of a brother for her; ever since she had stood by the white lilies in the hall, in the spot where his fair young sister had died, she had to him in some measure taken that dead sister's place.

He confided everything to her, told her of all his affairs, sought her advice, was happy in her society, never rested long away from her, thought of her with continual kindly affection; but of love he never dreamed.

The Duchess, who had said to herself that she would not interfere, did just this one thing, she told Sir Basil of the splendid triumphs that Leah had achieved, and how she had passed through three seasons as few even of the most brilliant beauties had ever experienced.

She told him of the offers of marriage made to her, and how she had refused them all.

"Why did she refuse them?" he asked.

The Duchess meant to do a kindly action when she answered.

"She has ideas that are peculiar for the nineteenth century; they are, I may say, obsolete."

He looked anxiously at her, she thought.

"What ideas," he asked—"if my question may be answered?"

"I am sure I may answer it," said the Duchess. "Miss Hatton has romantic ideas that are quite out of date. Marriage in these days is an arrangement. She might have been Duchess of Barberry if she had liked; but she is romantic, and will never marry until she can marry for love."

"That seems to me right," said Sir Basil.

"I am glad you think so," returned the Duchess drily. "But Miss Hatton has another theory. It is this—that for every person in this world there are one love and one lover—half souls she calls them, if you understand the term. She believes that she will recognize her half soul or lover whenever she sees him."

"It is a very pretty theory," said Sir Basil. "I do not see why any one should object to it."

He looked at her somewhat eagerly as he asked:

"And has she met this ideal yet?"

"That is a question she alone can answer. You must ask her yourself," said the Duchess; and she smiled to herself as she thought she had given him a very plain hint.

The young Baronet was far too modest to take it; that such a peerless beauty, such a wealthy heiress, should fall in love with and find her ideal in him never occurred to him.

If she had rejected many noble and great men, she was doubtless looking for some one higher.

Yet what she had heard increased his affection and respect for her.

He liked the idea of a girl who could make to herself an ideal, and wait patiently until she met with it.

How many would have yielded to the temptation of rank and wealth, and have forgotten the belief and aspirations of early girlhood!

* * * * * *

"We have been here at Brentwood a month next Wednesday," said the Duchess to Leah one morning. "We go to Dene Abbey next week."

Leah looked up at her with eyes that did not see.

"Next week!" she repeated; and it seemed to her that the sunlight faded.

Next week she would see Sir Basil no more.

"I had forgotten it," she said slowly.

"That is not complimentary to me, Leah, or the admirers who will come to Dene to meet you."

"I do not want any admirers, Duchess," she said.

"No," laughed the Duchess: "better one true lover than a host of admirers."

Leah walked to the open window, and looked out upon the terrace where she had stood on the morning on which Sir Basil had first come to Brentwood.

The passion-flowers were still in bloom.

She remembered the sudden revelation that had come to her when she had looked into his face.

Was there to be an end now of all the light and brightness that had surrounded her since?

The Duchess looked anxiously at her.

Leah's face was deadly pale in the glowing sunlight.

"The girl's heart is sick," thought the kindly woman, "and in all the wide world no one knows her secret but me. What can I do for her?"

Suddenly her face brightened.

She rose from her seat and went over to Leah.

The pale face was half hidden by the climbing roses that came in at the window.

"I have been thinking, Leah," she said, "that it seems a pity to break up this pleasant party here. I like Lady Maude, and pretty May is a very sweet girl. I do not care about the military element, but I shall ask Lady Maude and May to go with us. That will be very pleasant; will it not?"

"Yes," replied Leah coldly.

The pain at her heart was so bitter, so keen, that it was with difficulty she answered at all.

"And I have been thinking," continued the Duchess, "that, as Sir Basil and your uncle seem so warmly attached to each other, it would be a great pity to part them, above all, just now, when Sir Basil is evidently recovering health and spirits. The Duke likes him very much, and I thought of asking him to go to Dene with us. He will find plenty of shooting and fishing there. We are sure to have some pleasant shooting parties in September."

Was it a dazzling burst of sunlight that brightened Leah's fair face and laughed in her expressive eyes?

She turned with a quick graceful gesture, and, stooping, kissed the white jeweled hands of the kindly woman who had read so well her heart's desire.

She spoke no word, and the Duchess did not notice her emotion.

"What do you think of it, Leah?" she asked, when she perceived that the sudden thrill of pleasure had passed.

"I think," she replied slowly, "that he will be very pleased."

"Do you?" said the Duchess, trying to speak carelessly, while her heart ached for the girl. "Then I will ask him to-day."

She saw that the kindest thing she could do was to leave Leah alone.

The girl trembled, and the hands that sought the crimson roses shook.

"I have some letters to write, Leah," said the Duchess. "I think I will finish them before luncheon."

Leah did not even hear her.

The Duchess raised her hands and eyes as she went away.

"I thought I was in love when I was a girl," she said; "but that was child's play to this. I have always said great love is a terrible thing, and so it is."

She would have been more sure of it still had she seen Leah when she knew herself to be alone.

She bowed her head, while tears fell like raindrops upon the crimson roses; and from the girl's trembling lips came the murmured words of a prayer.

She thanked Heaven.

Heaven had sent Sir Basil; and now he was not to be taken out of her life suddenly, but they were to be together the whole of the happy bright autumn.

And, for the time, self-sacrificing Hettie, of whom Leah had heard nothing since the party, was forgotten in this new happiness.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE Duke and Duchess of Rosedene, with their visitors, were at Dene Abbey, within sight and sound of the ever-murmuring sea.

Miss Hatton had the whole day to herself, she had no great household to manage as at Brentwood, she had no care about the entertainment of visitors; the long bright hours were hers, to spend as she would.

Lady Maude Trevar had gladly accepted the Duchess's invitation; but pretty May Luson had promised to pay a visit elsewhere, and could not break her engagement.

The military element had dispersed.

Sir Basil Carlton had been delighted with her Grace's proposal to join the party at the Abbey.

He liked the Duchess; her kindly gracious manner pleased him; he was touched by her great kindness to himself, although he did not know the cause.

He did not go with the party from Brentwood, but he followed in a few days.

It was a wonderful change from the green sweet woodlands of Warwickshire to the country bordering on a sunny southern sea.

Dene Abbey was a very old house, one that hundreds of years before had belonged to an ancient order of friars.

Bluff King Harry took possession of it, and gave it to one of his favorite courtiers.

In course of time it came into the possession of the Rosedene family, who valued highly the grand old mansion and magnificent estate.

The Duchess always insisted upon spending a few months there every year.

Modern rooms and modern luxuries had been added to the old mansion, but it still retained enough of its antiquity to be one of the show-places of England.

From the windows, from the terraces, from the grassy knolls in the park—from every part was the sea visible.

Dene lay in Sussex, near the little town of Southwood, which was a favorite watering-place.

When calm, the water of the Channel lay like a fair mirror in the distance.

When it was rough, the foam and the dashing spray seemed almost to envelope the Abbey.

There had been nothing wanting in the poetry of Leah's love-story; but if anything could deepen the romance of it, it was certainly the presence of the beautiful, restless, heaving sea.

The Duchess had but one notion of pleasing her guests at Dene, and it was to give them perfect liberty.

Some liked the woods, some the yellow sands, some the ever-changing sea.

They went where they liked and did as they liked, which was the great charm of the place.

So Sir Basil, who liked the sea, and Leah, whose passionate soul delighted in it, were often on the beach together.

They enjoyed the firm yellow sands, the dancing crested waves, the tall white cliffs covered with luxuriant vegetation, the briny odor of the sea-breeze, the pretty shells and pebbles on the beach, the seaweed which drifted with the waters.

They spent long hours together, listening to the music of the waves and talking of the beauty that lay around.

And during this time, while the sea-gulls whirled in the air, while the southern wind kissed the waves, the heart of the girl who loved Sir Basil became so entirely his, her life so wholly wrapped in his, that death would have been easier than to see him pass out of it.

The Duchess remarked it, and mourned over it, but did not interfere; it was too late.

But she said to herself over and over again that it was ten thousand pities Leah had so much romance in her nature; she would have been so much happier had she been more like ordinary girls.

The evenings at Dene were delightful.

The drawing-room was an immense apartment containing five large windows.

From them one stepped on to a smooth green lawn; and from the lawn a short path led through the woods to the cliffs and the sea.

When the moon shone on the white cliffs and the shifting water, the effect was dazzling.

Then the Duchess liked the lamps to be lowered and the windows all thrown open, when the wind, laden with sweet odors from land and sea, came in.

One evening the moon shone unwontedly bright; in the distance the sea looked like molten silver; it was a night to fill all hearts with an undefined sense of passionate longing.

"Let us have some music," said the Duchess, as she leaned back in her chair. "Leah, let us hear you sing."

Then from out of the soft shadows appeared Leah's tall, graceful figure, enveloped in sweeping folds of black lace.

She went quietly to the piano.

The white slender hands moved gently over the keys; the beautiful face grew fairer as the passionate words fell from her lips. She sang—

"My heart is like a singing-bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thick-set fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow-shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these,
Because my love is come to me.

"Raise me a dais of silk and down;
Hang it with hair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleur-de-lys,
Because the birthday of my life
Is come—my love is come to me."

She did not heed who was in the room.

The words sprang as it were from her heart to her lips.

She was thinking just at that time more of her love than of her lover—this golden-winged love that had taken her captive and stolen her heart.

Sir Basil came quietly to her side.

"Those are quaint lines, Miss Hatton," he said. "Whose are they?"

There was no music on the piano, and it struck him suddenly that both words and notes were impromptu.

"I believe," he added impulsively, "that they are your own."

The white fingers wandered over the keys.

She made no answer; she was wondering whether he had guessed her secret at last.

"My love is come to me"—the words startled her when she came to think of their truth.

Sir Basil left the piano and went back to his chair, which was placed outside the long French windows.

He thought more of Leah than he had ever thought before.

He remembered all that the Duchess had told him of her fanciful idea that she would be able to recognize her ideal lover the moment she saw him; and now she sang that he had come.

Was it really so?

He looked round on the men sitting apart in little groups; there was not one he considered worthy of her.

He never thought of himself.

Each time that night that his eyes fell on her fair face the words came back to him—"My love is come to me."

She was more shy and timid with him after that.

She avoided him a little, but loved him just as much.

She would have gone through fire and water for him; she would have made any sacrifice for him.

The marvel was that the young Baronet never dreamed of the conquest he had made.

As for Leah, she had not yet begun to doubt; she felt certain that his love would be hers in the fulness of time.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

His Child Wife.

BY L. H. WRIGHT.

HE was tired of women of the world, Pierce Hayward said unto himself, tired of their wiles, their sophistries, their deceptions, their very attractions.

Was it because these latter had, in one case, proved well-nigh fatal to his peace of mind—that Pauline Irving's dark, passionate, soul-lit eyes pursued him even in this quiet country retreat, where he had taken refuge?

He admitted to himself none of this reasoning, only said that he was tired: and when in the course of his wanderings, he discovered the pretty daughter of the miller of the place, a shy maiden of some eighteen summers, he turned to her as to a new study.

She was innocent as the flowers which she tended in her own garden, and he knew that she could boast than this no greater charm.

Therefore, the idea came to him that he would marry her.

Her sweet face grew very pale when, one evening in the shadows, he asked her to become his wife.

A frightened, startled look grew in the great blue eyes.

"I—I to be your wife?" she repeated.

"Why, you are a gentleman, and I ——"

She left the sentence unfinished—the gulf between them was too deep to bridge over with words.

"You are all that is sweet in woman!" he replied.

"I am tired of art.

"I want nature.

"Promise me only to be as good, and pure, and artless as you are to-day, and I promise to try to be worthy of you.

"Edna, do you dare to trust your happiness to my keeping?"

And he, believing that he spoke truth, answered—

"Yes."

Then she flung herself into his arms, and sobbed out her joy upon his heart.

Her emotion startled him; it showed depths to her nature he had not known she possessed; but he quieted her with his kisses, and as he walked home alone, having gained her father's consent to a speedy marriage, he consoled himself with the thought—

"I will be good to her.

"She will not be exacting.

"Of course, she cannot be my companion in thought, in interest: but my plaything—yes."

The next month they were married.

Pierce Hayward had been too long a cherished member of society not to have it desire with eager curiosity to see this hastily-wooed wife.

But one woman read the newspaper announcement, in her boudoir, with a quick pang of pain.

The paper dropped from her nerveless hand.

"Married!" she said to herself, over and over—"married!

"He took me at my word then.

"Yet, may Heaven grant him the happiness I have missed, or rather, thrown away by a wretched pride and momentary recklessness."

But among the numerous calls on the child wife was one drawn thither otherwise than by curiosity.

Edna took the card from the butler's hand and read the name, as she had read the many other names which he had brought her.

"Say to Miss Irving that I will see her immediately," she said to the man, in whose august presence she always stood a little in awe, spite of herself—he looked so very superior in his splendid livery.

"Another call, Pierce," she cried, stopping an instant in the library where he sat, and holding the card before his eyes.

"Why, how pale you are, dear!

"You are ill!

"Shall I excuse myself?"

"No, no!

"Go in at once!" he answered, with the first touch of impatience in his tone he had ever shown her, and surveying her critically as he spoke, with a half-dissatisfied air.

The face was young and lovely—none could deny that; but there was something in the general *ensemble* his artist eye missed—a something which, as she entered the drawing-room and advanced to meet her guest, who rose, tall and graceful, and exquisitely costumed, gave to Miss Irving's tones a gentler accent, as in her heart she whispered—

"Poor child!

"Some day she will need a friend.

"If she will let me, I will be the friend she needs."

Let her?

Of all her guests, none had charmed Edna as this beautiful lady.

She found her telling her of her early life, of her courtship, and the strange wonderful thing Pierce's love still seemed to her, and all the while her guest kept repeating to herself—

"Poor child!"

"Will you not come again very soon?" she said, almost wistfully, when Miss Irving at last rose to leave.

"Of course I will return your visit first; but I mean—I mean——"

"You mean that you would like we should be friends.

"I hope that is what you mean, for I am quite sure it is my wish."

The sweet smile was more than Edna could resist.

Impulsively she lifted up the little mouth for a kiss.

"Please forgive me," she said, "but I love you already."

"Can he help loving her?" thought Pauline, as she drove homeward.

"Could I have believed a week—an hour—ago that I would pray thus fervently that all his heart might be given to another woman?"

Pierce Hayward meant to be true to his vows, his wife and his manhood; but spite of himself, as the days wore into weeks, and the weeks into months, a bitter sense of suicidal folly overwhelmed him.

He was a cultured, cultivated man of the world, and he had married a simple child, whose brain had grasped the rudiments of a common-school education, and had never gone beyond.

He saw her among his friends, and knew that they wondered that a pretty face could thus have bewitched him; and the knowledge of their wonder rankled in his soul.

He saw her side by side with the beautiful, exquisitely graceful woman whom he had loved—for whom (Heaven help him) his love would not die.

It had been but sleeping, and his misery warred against the iron hand of control with which he held it down.

He did not mean to be unkind, but Edna detected the impatience in his tone—the look of annoyance which sometimes swept across his handsome, expressive face—and her own heart grew sad and heavy; but child as she was, her loyalty kept her silent even to her cherished friend.

One day, Pauline went to the house, but found her out.

"I will wait for her in the library," she said.

"Tell her I am there."

She passed on into the room, expecting to find it empty; but, instead, it was occupied by its master.

His head was bowed upon the table; his whole attitude was one of misery which had thrown off its mask.

She turned to beat a retreat, but he lifted his face and saw her.

"Come in," he said; "this is your work.

"It is fitting that you should look upon it."

"My work?" she answered, aghast.

"Yes.

"Whose else?

"A year ago to-day I found that you had deceived me.

"Do you wonder, miserable and wretched as I was, I sought to find a woman who had not learned the art of deception?

"I was mad.

"I bought a pretty toy, and thought to while away with it my hours of meditation—to use it as a charm to banish memory.

"Instead, it shows me every hour the falsity of my reasoning, and holds up to my tortured sight the 'might have been.'

"Why do I still love you?

"Why do I not rather curse you?

"Why do you come here, day after day, to add fuel to the flame?"

"I will never come again, Pierce.

"I thought, I prayed you had long ceased to love me; but in this last moment I will tell you the truth.

"I did not deceive you; you were mad with jealous doubts, and I was too proud to explain to you the truth, therefore I sent you from me.

"I thought you would come back; I did not dream——"

Her voice choked.

"That I could be such a mad fool," he finished, taking up her words.

"Ah, Pauline, my one only love," he added, under his breath.

"Hush!" she commanded, imperiously.

"Be a man, and true to your manhood.

"Edna loves you better than I know how to love, perhaps—better than any man deserves.

"She is a simple child; honor her for it.

"I will not come here again; I will make to her some excuse.

"But, oh, make her happy, Pierce.

"What matters it to you and me?

"Our happiness is lost, but do not let that lead hers astray.

"See, on my knees I plead to you; I kiss your hand.

"By all that is pure in her pure life, do not let her dream your chains are not of flowers.

"It would kill her, as the cruel wind blasts with a single breath the shrinking, sensitive plant.

"Your soul is noble; prove it so.

"Be gentle, be loving, be tender.

"By the memory of your every hope for the future; by the memory, if that may sway you, of your once love for me, I ——"

At that instant the *portiere* was swept back.

Edna stood upon the threshold, but an Edna transformed from the timid, shrinking girl into a lioness.

Her eyes flashed.

Her slight figure was almost tall, in its indignation drawing to its full height.

Her voice rang out, clear and scornful.

"You need not fear," she said.

"I have only heard your last sentence.

"I would not play eavesdropper a single instant—not even to more thoroughly expose the falseness of the woman who thus plays traitor to my husband.

"By the memory of his love for you!

"How dare you say that?

"He never loved you!

"Pierce, tell me that you never loved her!"

She sprang to his side and twined her hands about his arm.

"Edna," he said, "you are doing the bitterest wrong I——"

Another minute and he would have told her all the truth, but Pauline had by this time regained her feet.

"Hush!" she commanded him.

"Not a single word.

"What could you say that would not further wreck her happiness?

"Nor would the storm which devastates her drive our ships into harbor.

"Good-bye, Edna.

"Think of me as gently as you can.

"We both loved him.

"Let that plead my excuse."

Once her glance fell on his face.

Again it entreated him in its voiceless eloquence to leave her in her belief; then she turned and left them.

Without all was dark, but, thank Heaven, she yet might look within.

The man's own unworthiness smote him as Edna fell weeping piteously in his arms.

He felt a coward, that he dared not vindicate the noble woman who had left them, but the blow would strike with cruellest force on her who had done no wrong.

His silence was his own bitterest punishment; but at least he might atone.

Very gentle and tender was he to his child wife.

She no longer shrank at an impatient word, or missed a something in her life.

It seemed full to repletion—so full that when, at the close of one more short year, Heaven called to her to lay it down, she clung to the sweet boon with arms close-pressed about her husband's neck.

"You never loved her?" she said, in that last hour.

"Tell me, darling!

"She tried to win you from me but she failed?"

"She never tried, my love. She taught me rather, to love you."

She thought he meant that he thus had judged between them, and was content.

"Tell her," she whispered, "that I forgive her now, because she loved you, even though her love was false and wicked.

"Oh, Pierce! how could any woman help loving you?"

They laid her away to rest, with her baby daughter on her breast, and they were honest tears of love, repentance and remorse which Pierce Hayward shed upon that new-made grave.

Then he went abroad, and the world looking at him, said that he had loved his wife in very deed, and wondered yet the more.

But after two years travel he returned,

to go straightway into Pauline Irving's presence.

She was alone in the room into which the servant ushered him, and looked up with a great joy in the beautiful eyes.

"I am come at last, Pauline.

"My love, my love!" he cried, advancing toward her with outstretched arms.

She let her weary head fall on his breast.

"And I have been waiting," she answered.

"I thought that I was tired, but I never shall be tired again."

Their secret was their own now, and they belonged each to the other.

Yes, the secret was their own; but in Heaven, did Edna share it?

BARBARA GRAHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED," "MABEL MAY," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.—[CONTINUED.]

HE must love me," she whispered. "And now she is gone, his attention will not be so divided, nor his generosity worked upon.

"And I—I do love him, besides his rank and fortune, which mamma thinks so much about.

"Ah, mamma, mamma, perhaps I should have been more worthy of him had you brought me up differently," she sighed, and for a moment looked more grave and thoughtful than was often the expression of the petted, prosperous heiress.

In the meantime Sir Ernest walked hastily to his aunt's morning room, but with a grave, annoyed expression, that betokened more than transient displeasure.

Mrs. Forbes was, as usual, reclining in her easy chair, with a novel held lazily in her hand, or rather dropping in her lap, and herself in a state of indolent satisfaction at the supposed success of her plans, with so little trouble to herself.

"Oh, Ernest," she said, "what, back so soon?

"Have you arranged your ride with Pauline?

"I rather wished her to have remained at home after her fatigue; still, where you are concerned, it makes a great difference—I have such confidence in your care of her."

The young man listened quietly to the valuable kindness of the graceful-looking matron, but there was no responsive smile on his lips.

"There were other things to speak of besides a ride, and of more serious and painful consequence," he replied, gravely.

"My dear boy," said Mrs. Forbes, looking really alarmed, "what can you mean? Surely Pauline has not been so foolish as ——"

She stopped, conscious of the imprudence of her words, should they not be true.

"Pauline, I hope, has little to do with it," he replied.

"At least her own lips have assured me of that fact."

"Then I am certain there is some mistake," said his aunt.

"Your uncle and I have always been most anxious—indeed, I do not hesitate to confess that it was our darling scheme; and as to Pauline, she is such a mere child as yet——"

"Aunt, we are playing at cross purposes," interrupted Ernest, afraid that some embarrassing confessions might be the result of the misunderstanding that evidently existed.

"I am speaking of a circumstance that came to my knowledge only half an hour since, and which I confess, gave me real concern, more for your sake that of the person more immediately connected with it."

"I really do not understand you, Ernest," said his aunt, in a haughtier tone.

"I am quite ignorant of any event that can in any way affect us, and I should be very sorry if the only supposition that I can imagine were the true one."

"I do not doubt that you understand me, aunt," was the firm reply; "but if you do not, I can soon explain myself more clearly—I allude to Miss Graham's sudden dismissal from your family, which Pauline assures me has been entirely without her interference or wish.

"I am therefore at a loss to understand such a proceeding on the part of relatives whom I have ever considered so deserving of every possible regard and esteem."

Mrs. Forbes was dangerously angry, dangerously, for her own cause.

"I am greatly at a loss, Ernest," said she, "to understand on what pretext or for what reason you can interfere in the domestic arrangements of my family.

"Your uncle leaves the entire management of the servants and dependants of the household to me; and, much as I regard you, I certainly cannot recognise your right to question my decision on any such point."

"Under ordinary circumstances, aunt, you would be perfectly right, in rebuking my presumption," said Ernest; "but I do feel that any gentleman, any man, even, has a right to interfere on behalf of the helpless and the oppressed of your sex; and in this case I have an especial claim to be heard."

"And pray, sir, what claim is that?" she asked, scarcely able to control the passion which boiled within at the terrible suspicion which the excited.

Could Ernest really be engaged to the obscure orphan she had thrust from her house?

"Simply this," he replied, calmly—"Pauline tells me that you have been displeased with her friend, on some vague fancy that she has stepped out of her proper station, and endeavored to court the notice of your friends, and relatives; and she also hinted that I was somewhat to blame in the slight kindness and attention I had shown Miss Graham.

"Now, I beg to utterly deny that the poor girl ever, or in any way, courted, or even received any little kindness I showed her in a way to encourage me to repeat it.

"She certainly could not help showing her full worthiness of any small attention and her right to be considered as a lady, and one of no ordinary powers; but she was as perfectly innocent and unconscious of the opinion I had formed of her, as your own menial servant could be."

Mrs. Forbes was nearly choking with rage; but the fear of utterly destroying all hope of her long-cherished scheme restrained the full explosion of her wrath.

"My dear Ernest," she said, more calmly, "if I did not know you so well, and trust you so entirely, I scarcely know what strange interferences I might draw from your misguided ideas of this unfortunate girl.

"But I can understand that she has misled you, as she has us, as to her real qualities; and I must therefore pardon your rather intemperate heat on the subject."

"I can pardon any imputation on myself, aunt, but not on an unoffending orphan girl," said Ernest.

"But she was neither so unoffending nor so helpless as you suppose," said Mrs. Forbes.

"I assure you, Ernest, when I ventured to represent in the mildest terms that she had been imprudent, and even wanting in respect to Pauline and myself, by attempting to place herself on an equality with my visitors the other night, on the strength of their ignorance of her real position, she behaved in the most insolent and haughty manner; told me that she should certainly feel at full liberty to mix in any society she could as an equal; that she was determined not to submit any longer to the restrictions of a family; and that she preferred leaving at once, and taking her own course, in full liberty to do just as she pleased.

"Now I could not tolerate this, especially when she had the presumption to add that she believed her real offence was surpassing Pauline in the opinion of my guests.

"Could you imagine in any girl such goregious vanity.

"No, I could not," observed Sir Ernest, quietly; but his aunt did not catch the full meaning of his words, and went on with renewed confidence.

"I knew you would be astonished," she said; "but it was the fact.

"I warned her of the mistake she was making in casting away such friends, and gave her the option of remaining under suitable rules and restrictions; nay, I even begged her to remain for at least a day or two, till proper arrangements could be made; but she was as haughty as a princess and declared she was fully prepared to go at once.

"Indeed, she seemed quite eager to get free from the rules of a well-regulated and respectable family.

"I am only concerned she was so much trusted with Pauline; but, happily, my dear girl is too refind and pure to be in any danger even from such unfortunate associations."

"I fully believe it," said Sir Ernest. "I do not think my cousin would be in the slightest danger were she to be in Miss Graham's society for years."

"Ah, I knew you would do your cousin justice," said Mrs. Forbes, in a grateful tone though there was a slight smile on the nephew's lip that somewhat annoyed her. "And now, my dear boy, I hope this unfortunate subject is at an end."

"Not quite, aunt," he replied. "I appear to be in some way the innocent agent in this poor girl's disgrace, for there never seemed to have been any unpleasantness between you till I arrived.

"And I really cannot rest satisfied with the idea that I am in any way responsible for your conduct, or rather perhaps I should say, for hers."

His eyes were fixed steadily on his aunt as she spoke, and her color deepened under his fixed eyes.

"I really am tired of the subject, Ernest," she said.

"I have told you that I gave the girl every reasonable chance; and as she did not choose to avail herself of my forbearance, I have completely done with her. It was a fancy of Pauline's to have her; but such low-born foundlings never do any good."

"Is she then a foundling, aunt," he asked eagerly.

"Well, I don't know that exactly," was the reply.

"I took her from the orphan asylum; and I believe the girl was placed there by some charitable friends of her father's, after his death.

"At least, that was the story I heard; and most likely he had been some improvident spendthrift, if he had really any claims to respectability.

"But I neither know nor care to know more."

"She had the air of good birth;" mused Ernest, scarcely knowing that he spoke aloud.

"The air of——" began the lady, but stopped short, for the door opened, and Mr. Ashley was announced.

Sidney Ashley was no especial favorite with Mrs. Forbes.

He had been introduced to the house of Colonel Forbes a few months before, and for the sake of the high connections, and the large fortune he was known to possess, had been received with all outward courtesy; but he was either too reserved, or the lady too exacting, for she soon complained to her husband that Mr. Ashley was perfectly spoiled in society; his haughtiness was only fit for a prime minister to assume.

But on the present occasion he was received with a smile and a most cordial welcome; for Mrs. Forbes hailed with pleasure any interruption to the embarrassing and irritating interview with her nephew.

"I must plead an excuse for this unceremoniously early visit, Mrs. Forbes," he began; "but as it is partly on business, as well as inquiry as to your health, I was anxious to find you alone and disengaged."

At these words Sir Ernest rose from his seat.

"Pray do not move, Sir Ernest," added the new visitor, hastily.

"It is nothing that can make your presence unwelcome.

"I merely alluded to other visitors, not to you, as one of the family."

"You are right," said Mrs. Forbes, her brow clearing.

"We consider Ernest quite in the light of a son, and therefore have no secrets from him."

Sir Ernest turned away to conceal a smile.

The assertion was rather too amusing at that moment.

"My errand concerns rather your household than your immediate family, Mrs. Forbes," said Ashley, with an assuring smile; "but I must first beg you to forgive any seeming liberty in any inquiries, on the assurance that I have a strong and sufficient motive for making them."

Mrs. Forbes fidgeted restlessly on her cushion.

Was she to be tormented for ever on this unlucky morning?

"I can of course never think Mr. Ashley could be impertinent, or give himself unnecessary concern about anything that did not immediately interest him," she replied, rather tartly.

"Then will you allow me to ask whether the young lady, who has hitherto been a school companion, as I presume, to Miss Forbes, is likely to remain permanently in your family?" he asked.

The color rushed to the lady's face.

That wretched girl appeared born to harass and haunt her at every turn, on that weary day.

"Certainly not, Mr. Ashley," she replied, shortly.

"She has left my family, and I am sorry that I yielded to a childish fancy of my daughter's for a constant companion, or rather attendant, in her few remaining months of seclusion in her schoolroom, and introduced a stranger into my house."

"Indeed!" said Sidney, coolly.

"I am truly sorry to hear it.

"May I ask in what respect she proved unworthy of the confidence you must have placed in her?"

"I really do not wish to enter on the subject, Mr. Ashley," she replied.

"It is a very painful one; and having taken the proper steps to remedy my own imprudence, and I hope with no serious harm accruing to any member of my family, I prefer forgetting the whole affair. I have no wish to spread any disadvantageous reports of the young person, whatever my own opinion of her may be," she added and her eyes turned reproachfully on her nephew.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Forbes," said Ashley, with the firm, commanding manner that was too natural to him ever to wear the least appearance of assumption, "but I really must be rude enough to differ from you in the matter, and to press for some more definite information.

"I have known Barbara Graham for some years, or rather, it is some years since an accident brought her to my notice, and I confess my own opinion of her is very inconsistent with your implied blame.

"The poor girl has not so many friends as to afford that one of them should receive any vague and implied report of her misconduct."

"I have really nothing to do with that, Mr. Ashley," said the lady.

"I am not only sorry if you have been deceived, but am sorry that I was foolish enough to take any one from such a place, in so questionable a position; but I have had quite annoyance enough, without being called to account, as if I had not, under the circumstances, behaved with anything but the most uncalled forbearance; and I request that you, as a gentleman, will drop the subject."

"As you please, madam," said Ashley, with a bow; "I will now only ask for Miss Graham's present address, and not trouble you further on her behalf. I am perfectly satisfied."

"I have not the slightest idea where she is," replied Mrs. Forbes, somewhat recovering her self-control, "or of course I should not hesitate to inform you of so insignificant a fact.

"She insisted on leaving me at once, without giving me the least idea where she intended to go, and it was quite out of the question for me to lower myself by asking her.

"I only hope it will be the very last affair of so unpleasant a nature in which I may be engaged.

"It is so sad for young girls to depart from the simple rules of feminine propriety."

Ashley saw that the matter was hopeless.

There is no hope of managing a fool, and he had long decided that Mrs. Forbes belonged to that category.

"Then I must endeavor to gain the information elsewhere," said he. "It is necessary that I should see Miss Graham without delay.

"Do you, Mrs. Forbes, suppose your servants would know where she went?"

"'Tis not at all probable," she replied, stiffly; "but, to satisfy you, I will inquire;" and she rang the bell with an air of suffering forbearance.

There was an awkward silence till the servant appeared.

Ashley asked politely after Colonel Forbes and Pauline; the lady replied with stiff courtesy.

Ernest endeavored to soften matters by the cordial praise of a beautiful horse that was being led up and down before the house; but it was useless to attempt disguising the real feelings of the little party, and all there were relieved by the entrance of the servant whose presence Mrs. Forbes had desired.

"Benson," said his mistress, "did you or any of the servants hear where Miss Graham went on leaving this house yesterday? I have lost her address."

"No, ma'am, I cannot say that I did, although I assisted in putting her boxes on the cab." "Ask the porter," she said.

"Stay," said Ashley, quickly. "Did you not give to the cabman the address to which he was to drive?"

"Can't say that I did, sir," replied Benson; "but I heard Miss Graham say to the cabman, 'You will stop at the corner of Grosvenor Street, and there a person will be waiting to tell you where to go.'"

"I am not much surprised," said Mrs. Forbes, with a look of triumph as the servant retired.

"Perhaps time may justify my opinion of this misguided young person, in spite of the over-zealous Quixotism of you romantically generous knights.

"However, I am not sufficiently malicious to enjoy my triumph at her cost or yours.

"Come, Mr. Ashley, let us be friends after one little combat just now.

"I like you better for your championship of our weak sex."

The lady could afford to be generous now that all ground for rivalry was removed; but the graciousness was not apparently so well received as it ought to have been, and Ashley rose to take his leave, without even an attempt to converse on other subjects.

"My time is very limited," he said, "as I have some important business in hand. Good morning, Mrs. Forbes.

"I will let you know if I obtain any further news of your truant.

"Sir Ernest, I hope we may become better acquainted—unless I leave England too soon for me to see as much of you as I should wish."

With one of the pleasant, rare smiles that lighted up at times his grave features, Ashley Ernest's hand cordially, and with a colder salutation to the lady, withdrew.

"There, Ernest, I hope you are contented now," said Mrs. Forbes, more bitterly than she had ventured to speak before Sidney Ashley.

"And I should really say that you owed some apology to Pauline and myself, were I not too much attached to you to be very exacting."

"An Englishman never knows when he is beaten," said Sir Ernest, laughing, "and always holds a person innocent till proved to be guilty.

"On both these counts I say Not Guilty, and kiss your hand in token of a truce between us."

Playfully suiting the action to the word, Sir Ernest left the room, while Mrs. Forbes remained in a disagreeable state of doubt as to the real issue of the late sharp passage at arms.

CHAPTER XVI.

SIDNEY Ashley proceeded thoughtfully for some yards after he left the splendid mansion of Colonel Forbes, and then hailing a hansom, he drove off to the pretty villa where his ward had so long resided.

His face was grave and deliberative as the vehicle drove along, and a look of perplexity and annoyance came over it more than once, though it quickly passed away.

"I am a fool," he said.

"Surely I ought to know the world too well to be deceived by the manœuvres of a jealous, weak woman, who is incapable of judging of such a character as that.

"Still, the child has been imprudent—sadly imprudent.

"She is, as I told Helena, wonderfully like myself—too proud and impulsive to be left safely to herself, or to go through life without tasting some of its bitterest lessons.

"And yet it is a character that is too uncommon in her sex not to be valued and saved from danger at any cost."

As these words unconsciously escaped his lips, the cab stopped at the gates of the villa, and without waiting to ascertain whether the ladies were within he dismissed the vehicle and entered the grounds.

They were very pretty, and unusually extensive for a suburban residence; and behind the house they stretched away into a richly wooded shrubbery and flower garden, especially laid out for Claudia's own taste.

Sidney gave a quick glance in that direction, thinking, and perhaps wishing to see Claudia, sauntering, as she frequently did, in the pretty leafy glades, where he could join her unnoticed, and break to her the project he had formed.

In a few moments he fancied he could see the faint, fluttering white of a female robe, and even hear the sound of her soft,

rich voice break on his ear; but it vanished so quickly, and was so certainty at the extreme point of the grounds, that he felt a sort of proud shyness in the idea of seeking the young girl with no real certainly as to her being found; so, changing his intention he walked to the house, and rang the hall bell like an ordinary guest.

"Mrs. Ellis is out, sir," was the quick reply to his summons; "gone to London, I believe, to see some friend who is ill.

"Miss Sabine is walking in the grounds, I believe."

"Then is any one with her?" asked Sidney, quickly.

"No, sir; she was quite alone when she went out," was the reply. "Shall I send for her, sir?"

"No, I will go to her," replied Ashley. "It would be a pity to shorten Miss Sabine's walk, and I have little time to remain."

It was very unlike Sidney to make excuses to a servant, but he felt a proud reluctance to appear in the character of a lover to the beautiful young girl whom the domestic had known as a child.

The man bowed, and Sidney turned from the steps and walked slowly in the direction of the spot where he now felt certain he had seen Claudia.

He walked slowly, and a vague feeling of uneasy suspicion crossed his mind as he looked eagerly round for a glimpse of the beautiful light figure of his ward.

He had a strong impression that her voice had been heard by him, as well as a glimpse caught of her form; and if so, to whom could she have been speaking, as Mrs. Ellis was not with her?

It could scarcely be a gardener; for the hour was that in which the men were away at dinner, and besides, it had been too continuous a sound for a mere remark to a servant.

Sidney was, perhaps, naturally suspicious.

It was a defect that time and circumstance had rather strengthened than cured; but still, his nature was too noble to allow it ever to degenerate into meanness, and he would not have resorted to the slightest stratagem to discover the truth of any fear that might haunt his mind.

So he walked firmly on, without in any degree softening the sound of his steps on the ground, or the rustling of the bushes, till he came to a turn which led to two different paths, one to the shrubbery, and another to the orchard, which commanded so pretty a view that a little summer-house had been erected under a wide-spreading old apple-tree, the branches of which almost formed a roof to the little bower.

Sidney expected to find Claudia here, and was just turning to the path which conducted to it, when again the low but distinct sound of her voice came on his ear, and in another minute her favorite Skye terrier came bounding and leaping on him from the distant part of the shrubbery.

He retraced his steps while caressing and speaking to the delighted animal in a tone audible enough to be heard by the handsome little fellow's mistress, and Tiny, after a polite welcome himself, bounded back again to announce an arrival in his canine fashion.

There was a decided rustle and flutter among the thickly wooded trees, nay Sidney could for an instant have fancied a low whisper, then all was still again, and the next moment Claudia's figure appeared emerging from the more distant part of the long and winding walk.

Sidney quickened his pace, and went eagerly to meet her.

How beautiful she looked, with her face flushed by, as he supposed, the surprise of his arrival, and her eyes half cast on the ground, yet sparkling with the lustre of excitement through the dark, long lashes.

He took her hand in his with a chivalrous tenderness that he had never yet felt towards her. It was a dawning, perhaps, of a more real and loverlike affection, which would be the happiness or the curse of his after life.

"I thought I should scarcely find you alone," he said. "I fancied I heard you speaking as I came near."

She looked quickly, almost angrily at him, then her face flushed more beautifully than ever as she replied, laughingly, "I was talking to Tiny—he is my only companion just now, as Mrs. Ellis is away. I suppose you will think me sadly childish to make him a confidant."

"Perhaps a safer one than a human being," said Sidney, in the same tone; "at any rate, he will not betray confidence." Then, speaking in a more serious and lower tone, he added, "I have much to say to you, Claudia, and have but a short time to remain. Will you come with me to the summer-house yonder?"

"I am tired," she replied, with a timid, quick glance round, as if she feared offending her companion by her refusal, "and am chilly even in this warm day. May we return to the house?"

"Of course," said he. "But why speak to me in that deprecating tone on such a trifling subject, Claudia? Surely I am not such a tyrant as to thwart the slightest of your wishes, when I can gratify them."

"Oh no," she said hurriedly; "but it seems so silly of me to want to go in directly that you find me here."

Sidney laughed, and drew her hand in his arm, and led her to the house.

The girl glanced round more than once as they went along.

Could it be the terrier that thus drew her attention to his erratic movements?

Ashley could discover no other object, and naturally attributed the child-woman's divided attention to the presence of a favorite animal.

At last they arrived at the house, and Claudia paused for a moment on the steps before she entered.

A distant sound of horse's feet was heard.

The girl drew a deep breath, and with a more unrestrained smile than she had yet given her companion, she led the way to the drawing-room.

Sidney had watched her varying countenance with intense interest and with some perplexity.

He could not doubt that she had been more agitated than by so simple a circumstance as his sudden arrival; and yet, however much he might have desired it, he could scarcely read in her demeanor the slightest mark of shy and maidenly love.

Still, she was more than ever beautiful in her fluttering, timid, varying color, and shy, downcast eyes, and it was hardly in man's nature to judge such a creature by the strict rules of common sense and impartiality.

And Sidney was but a man, though a matured and noble one, and he bent a look of tender, warm admiration on the fair girl, that brought a deeper but happier blush to her cheek, as she read its purport.

"Now, sit down in this tempting chair," he said, placing himself by her, "and listen to me, without paying me the bad compliment of looking and speaking so timidly as you did just now. I am your truest friend, Claudia; and if it pleases Heaven to give me consolation for many a year of sadness and repinings, I will be your faithful lover, your devoted husband. But that must rest in the future, Claudia, and it is of that future I am come to speak."

She was exquisite in her real or well-acted mingling of artless timidity, graceful coquetry, and womanly self-assertion.

Sidney could read it all in the momentary glance of the dark eye, the warm blush, the half-withdrawn hand, and the yet slight return to his pressure which invited him to keep his prize.

Then, too, the tone in which she replied was so gently dignified.

"It must indeed be time that can decide that," she said. "You would not believe in me, if I pretended so suddenly to change the feelings of years, and receive my revered guardian as my lover. I told you so when you first asked it of me."

"I have not forgotten, Claudia," he said, "and it may be that your young heart has had more wisdom in it than my maturer, masculine nature; and yet it would have been very sweet had you loved me without being asked."

He looked at her with that tender, lover-like look in his still brilliant eyes, that makes the lids of a true woman fall beneath the gaze.

"It would not have been natural, it could not be," she said, softly. "It must be time and time only."

"And can you promise me that time will bring it about?" he asked.

"I cannot tell; I think so," she murmured.

The deep crimson of her cheeks seemed to confirm the scarcely audible words; but her hand trembled, and a slight shudder went through her frame as she spoke.

Was it love, or was it some less creditable feeling?

"My own, own darling," he said, for perhaps the first time indulging the pent-up feelings of his heart—feelings that belonged to another rather than to the beautiful girl that sat by his side; "oh, you little know the healing power that you possess, Claudia, for a heart that has been torn and broken as few can imagine, as no one but yourself can suspect. Child," he added, with a sudden revulsion of look and tone, "beware how you use that power. It may bring happiness and love, and all that life can hold forth, of its most tempting gifts, or it may draw down misery and retribution on both of us. Mine is no nature to be trifled with, Claudia."

The girl trembled, visibly trembled, as she shrunk away from him.

"You are cruel," she said; "why terrify me like this?"

"It need not terrify you, if you are true and honest, Claudia," said he. "All I warn you against is deception, and that I can never forgive. If you stoop to that, remember the consequences are upon your own head, not mine. I have warned you, and it is for you to act on that warning."

Her bosom heaved visibly, but she did not speak, did not even look up.

Her full lips were pouting, but their expression spoke of anger and defiance, rather than gentleness or child-like alarm at the words.

There was silence for some minutes, which Sidney was the first to break.

"This is very different from what I intended," he said. "I scarcely know why I should speak in this way, Claudia; you have scarcely had the chance, and I would fain believe, not the will, to deceive me in anything."

"Have I not been true, even to rashness, in my reply to your wishes?" she asked reproachfully.

"You have," said Sidney. "And it is the past, rather than the present, that thus works on me. But enough of this. I must tell you the object of my coming, and then leave you—for my time is more than gone. Claudia, I am going to send you away—for a time."

She turned very pale, and his heart warmed and beat fast at the ideas it conjured up.

Was it so painful for her to leave him?

"Where to? and with whom?" she inquired.

"To beautiful, sunny Italy, with my aunt," he replied—"your old friend, Mrs. Cowan. But I shall join you as soon as I feel it right and prudent, so you see you will not have a long holiday, Claudia, not a long respite from your guardian's stern surveillance."

He smiled a happy, triumphant smile, but Claudia's face wore a doubtful look.

"Your aunt does not like me," she said. "Why does she wish me to go with her?"

"She is ill—in sorrow," he replied. "It is very different now, Claudia, from her old, proud days, when she doubted and feared the result of the plan of which she was the sole confidant. She will soon learn to love you."

"I doubt it. I can never stoop to coax or cajole," said Claudia, haughtily.

"She is really too proud to wish or like it, if you did," said Sidney. "I have no fear on that score; my only wish was to procure you some more congenial companionship of your own age, but I fear that may be out of the question. However, I shall see what can be done; and, in any case, it will be a variety, a change for you, from the monotony of your present life."

"Perhaps," said Claudia.

There was a covert, bitter expression in the tone, and the half-smile that accompanied it, which Ashley felt rather than saw.

"You would perhaps," said he, "enjoy the society of a girl of your own age, Claudia."

"That depends on who and what she is," she replied. "Otherwise, I prefer my own thoughts and pursuits to any such intention. If I am to be humble companion to your aunt, I might prefer sharing it with some one more pliable than myself."

"I rather doubt the pliability," said Sidney, laughing, in spite of his vexation. "Do you remember your old companion, Barbara Graham?"

"Certainly," she replied.

"How would you like her society?" he continued.

"A dependant has little choice," she replied, and her face clouded darkly. "It is her duty to say 'if you please,' to every arrangement."

"Claudia, Claudia, why will you be so mercilessly bitter?" he asked; "why throw back the old love, the companionship, the full equality I offer you? If you feel any aversion to my plan, it shall be given up at once. And yet, Claudia, it would be a noble nature that you thus despise."

"Whose—yours, or Barbara's?" said Claudia.

Sidney rose impatiently from her side.

She saw she had gone too far, and the next moment she was standing by him, her hand laid gently on his arm, her beautiful eyes gazing up in his.

"Mr. Ashley—Sidney—if you will," said she, "do not judge me by such strict, harsh rules. Remember what my life has been for many a long year; how secludedly, how apart from others of my age. How can I judge of my own wishes or tastes, after this long interval? How should I know what Barbara may have become? But if you wish it, I will try to like her—to be happy with her. You must not be hard on me, my guardian."

There was an arch emphasis on the last word which was inexpressibly fascinating from those lovely lips.

Sidney Ashley could not resist the impulse to stoop down and draw her toward him in a momentary, light caress.

But it was but for a instant; and then he withdrew his arm, half-apologetically, from her waist.

"It must be as you wish, Claudia, or nothing but misery could ensue to both," said he. "And what is more, I am not certain if the plan could be accomplished, even if we all desired it. I rather sounded you as to your feelings than meant to announce its certainty. As to the rest, Claudia, you may consider it fixed, and to be carried out as quickly as possible. I have no time to lose. A few months will decide my fate for weal or woe."

He pressed her hand tenderly in his, but without raising it to his lips, and left the room.

Claudia waited, in a listening attitude, till the door had closed on him, and then she sank down again on her seat, with clasped hands and a look of utter and defiant wilfulness on her beautiful face.

"I cannot, I will not," she exclaimed, passionately. "Perhaps three short months since, or even before I ever saw *him*, I might have consented; but now it is impossible—hateful!"

She sat down on the couch from which she had so recently arisen, musingly:

"Is it possible? Can I indeed give up wealth, and luxury, and station, when just within my grasp, when all that can confer lustre on the rare beauty that I know I possess, is offered to me? And I could command the homage of a crowd, the absolute power that beauty, and genius and wealth, and prestige can give, if I would but flatter that man's vanity by giving him my hand, by pretending to give him my heart. For it is his vanity, not his love, that is to be gratified. I see it, I feel it, in his every word and look, even in his very touch. It is but the shadow of passion. And even now, were is not for him, for Leonardo, I might perhaps feel it possible to make the sacrifice, and run the risk. Yet it would be a terrible venture, unless he really loved me. Then I would sway him at pleasure; otherwise, he would be a tyrant, a jealous, stern tyrant. Oh, Leonardo, Leonardo! if you could but offer me one-half what he can, what joy it would be to sacrifice the brilliant prospect for your sake! But now, what can I do? what dare I do?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Most people who visit Niagara Falls are disappointed in the roar. They expect to hear something like the voice of a chairman at a ward caucus.

Scientific and Useful.

SOAP AND MOISTURE.—Soap in a solution mixed with phenic acid when impregnated into timber is an excellent preservative against rot usually resulting from moisture.

ALCOHOL IN WATER.—A French investigator assures us of the somewhat startling fact that all natural water contains alcohol, though in an infinitesimal proportion. In river-water the proportion is about one-thousandth; in sea-water about the same; but in cold rain-water the proportion of spirit is rather greater.

SLIP-LINK.—A single and useful slip-link has been brought out and patented abroad. It is intended to be attached to the kidney-link of each horse's collar, so that when an animal falls it may be instantly released from the pole-chain. This is effected by simply touching the lever of the slip-link, enabling the horse, by being freed from the pole, at once to make endeavors to regain his feet by its own exertions. The invention has been found in practice to work well, and to be a great saving of time, as well as risk of danger to valuable horses.

WAVE-POWER.—Various endeavors have from time to time been made to get motive-power from the action of the waves; but such attempts have met with very small success. An American inventor, has contrived a buoy for use over sunken rocks or other dangerous spots, which carries a small dynamo-electric machine, set in motion by the rise and fall of the waves. The current of electricity so generated furnishes an Edison incandescent lamp with light. The action is of course intermittent; and the weak part of the contrivance seems to be the stoppage of the light on a dark but calm night. Without waves, the machine would not act, and the hidden danger would not be pointed out.

MEASURING CORD.—A measuring cord should be part of the furniture on every farm. To make one, procure sixty-seven feet of strong rope, one inch round; make a loop or fasten a ring or bar at each end, and make these precisely sixty-six feet apart. This is four rods. Then tie a piece of red rag in the center. One acre of ground will be a piece four of the cords (chains) long and two and one-half wide, equal to sixteen by ten rods, making 160 square rods to one acre. The advantage of the ring or loop is that one person can measure alone by driving a stake in the ground to hold the rope while he stretches it out. The rope should be soaked in tar and dried, which will prevent it from shrinking when wet.

Farm and Garden.

WATER FOR STOCK.—Water for stock of all kinds should possess the same qualities as that intended for human beings. It should be free from vegetable and animal matter, and should contain carbolic acid and some mineral substances. It should also be quite cold during the warm weather.

MEASURING BINS.—A quantity of wheat in a bin may be easily measured in bushels as follows: Level the surface of the wheat, measure the depth in inches, and the length and breadth of the bin also in inches; multiply these together and divide by 2,150, which is the number of cubic inches in a struck bushel.

PEAR BLIGHT.—A prominent fruit culturist in Scranton, uses the following as a remedy and prevention of pear blights: A pound of potash or concentrated lye, such as is used for making soap, is dissolved in twenty-five gallons of water and poured around the trees, a pailful at a time two or three times during the growing season. He claims it is thoroughly effective not only as a prevention but that it will check and stop the blight after it begins to show, the affected limbs of course being cut away.

CABBAGE PLANTS.—Peter Henderson recommends starting cabbage plants in shallow boxes, the soil being prepared as follows: 1. A layer of sand one or two inches thick. 2. A layer of moss ground fine half an inch thick. 3. A layer of loam half an inch thick. On this the seed is to be sown and covered lightly. The plants send out a great many lateral roots as soon as they reach the layer of moss. When two inches high they are to be transplanted into cold frames or in the early season to hot beds.

FLIES.—To prevent the torments inflicted by the flies on horses, it is advised to make an application to the latter before harnessing of a mixture of one part crude carbolic acid with six or more parts of olive oil. This should be rubbed lightly all over the animal with a rag, and applied more thickly to the interior of the ears and other parts more likely to be attacked. This application may need to be repeated in the course of the day, but while any odor of the acid remains the flies decline to settle, and the horse is completely free from their annoyance.

HOUSE-PLANTS.—For a fertilizer for house-plants and window boxes, copperas or sulphate of iron is very satisfactory, while it will also kill all insects that infest his soil. Take a tablespoonful of the green crystals and dissolve them in a pint of boiling water, and add to it three quarts of cold water. Turn it directly upon the soil, but not on the leaves of the plants, as it will blacken them in spots and spoil them. Apply this once a week, and your Fuchsias, Roses, Heliotropes, Geraniums, and Coleus will grow and bloom luxuriantly, and delight your soul with their beauty and fragrance.

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SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 10, 1882.

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THE MODEL HUSBAND.

Who is he?—where is he? Is the model husband that man who is good enough as the world goes, and kind enough also, in his rough manner, only grumbling occasionally when put out of his way; but, although a man of means, is as stingy as a miser when his wife asks him for money? He thinks cotton as good as silk, and much less expensive—cries out that flowers and feathers and the like are all rubbish, and that he is not going to let his wife and family throw away money on such stuff if other men are silly enough to do so. If he should be persuaded, after a long series of coaxings to allow his wife a silk dress, he thinks it ought to last her a lifetime. It does, sometimes, last his lifetime.

Would you call a model husband this stalwart, healthy man, who generally has an ailing, delicate little woman for a helpmeet, and who, not knowing what it is to be ill, thinks her complaints are all "stuff," and that she only imagines herself out of health, and tells her she should take more exercise, when the poor thing is nearly worked to death already waiting on him and pandering to his tastes, which are altogether of animal tendencies. A little rest and recreation, which she seldom gets, would do her a world of good; but she is so patient, and "such a fool," that she nearly kills herself in endeavoring to please a cross and fault-finding husband; for the more he perceives her yield to his commands, the more exacting and imperious he becomes. Such a woman usually sinks into an early grave, and it almost always happens that the one who soon takes her place is a regular tartar, and makes him hop, skip and jump in lively style.

And here is another: A fine-looking, intelligent man, and a great favorite in society; but at home the other side of his character appears. He is thoroughly selfish, wanting everything in and about the household to suit himself, and nobody else, caring little what may accrue to the rest of the family, so that he be comfortable and his tastes suited. And this sort of a man is always as contrary and disagreeable as a certain animal of the porcine order, which, as is well known, can neither be led or driven. If this man's wife wants him to take a ride, he prefers to walk, and if she wishes to walk, it is ten chances to one that he prefers to ride, or perhaps to stay at home to smoke or read.

A woman who had a husband of this sort, after many years of patient endurance until her two daughters had grown up, at last found a way to manage him by humoring his ruling passion. If she or her daughters were anxious to go to any place in particular they would pretend that the very idea was distasteful to them, and that nothing would induce them to go there; or if they wished for anything in the way of adornment or amusement at home, they showed the greatest aversion to the object in view; and, in short, acted their parts so well that the husband and father, out of very spite and contrariness, insisted that they should perform the journey, or possess themselves of the desired object, flattering himself, meanwhile, that they were enduring a martyrdom.

Then there is the jealous husband. His wife leads a delightful life, as all women in her situation must do.

Impossible to describe all the model husbands. The true ideal of a husband, seldom found in reality, is he who considers his wife his equal; treats her on all occasions with respect, does not think it beneath him to confide to her the state of his finances; loves to have and enjoy her society at home and abroad; tells her all his joys and troubles; in fact, being as a model husband should be, the man who really and truly loves his wife, and if she is a good woman, and the right kind of a wife, the purest happiness must be theirs.

"And if there be an Elysium upon earth,
It is this!"

SANCTUM CHAT.

OF the Princess of Wales, the coming queen, it is said: "Her tender care and solicitude for her children are so well known that her examples have made it fashionable among titled ladies to affect a fondness for the presence and society of their children, who otherwise would be left to the care and and companionship of servants."

—

WHAT is the cure for gossip? Simple culture. There is a great deal of gossip that has no malignity in it. Good-natured people talk about their neighbors because, and only because, they have nothing else to talk about. Gossip is always a personal confession, either of malice or imbecility, and the young should not only shun it, but by the most thorough culture, relieve themselves from all temptations to indulge in it. It is low, frivolous, and too often a dirty business. There are country neighborhoods in which it rages like a pest. Churches are split in pieces by it. Neighbors make enemies by it for life. In many persons it degenerates into a chronic disease, which is practically incurable.

—

AN English paper, *Capital and Labor*, thinks that while excessive labor, exposure to wet and cold, deprivation of sufficient quantities of necessary and wholesome food, habitual bad lodging, sloth and intemperance, are deadly enemies to human life, none of them are so bad and so violent as an ungoverned passion. Men and women have survived all the former, says the writer, and at last reached an extreme old age, but it may be safely doubted whether a single instance can be found of a man of violent and irascible temper, habitually subject to storms of ungovernable passion, who has arrived at a very advanced period in life. It is, therefore, a matter of the highest importance to every one desirous of preserving "a sound mind in a sound body," to have a special care, amid all the vicissitudes and trials of life, to maintain a quiet possession of his own spirit.

—

THE outlook for the crops in England is said to be very discouraging. A London journal says: "Nothing short of the fairest weather up to and through the harvest can save us from reaping in dismal despondency another of the long series of deficient crops over which farmers many long years of late have mourned as if they were without hope." On this side of the ocean, however, we shall be able to make good all of England's deficiency. Notwithstanding all our destructive storms, it is predicted the year will be unique in respect to the immense yield of grain and other crops. Even the corn crop is assuming a prosperous appearance. The farmers, and everybody else in consequence, anticipate good times.

—

ARABI PASHA, who is in arms in Egypt against England, recently gave orders to have the life of Napoleon I translated into Arabic, saying to his friends: "Napoleon is my model; I will do what he did—nay, I will do more—I will found an Arabian Empire." He has also tried to play the role of a prophet by frequently quoting the Koran and professing to have familiar interviews with the ghost of Mohammed. One day, a month ago, while on his way to the mosque, he suddenly stopped and stared wildly at the air, as if seeing a vision. Then he stamped upon the ground, and cried out that a gun was buried underneath the spot. Excavations were afterwards made, and surely enough, a gun was found at a depth of several feet.

—

IT was the celebrated German physician, Hofeland, who first fully recognized the curative power of music. Frequently the life of a dying man might be saved by gentle music not too near his bedside. It is often only necessary to catch his attention and hold it with something that imparts pleasurable feelings, in order to sustain him beyond that moment of supreme exhaustion which marks the crisis of disease. Usually, however, the ears of the dying are regaled with no music sweeter than the sighs and sniffles of their sorrowing friends. Of course they are troubled, depressed, and when the critical breath comes fail to catch it, and so die. Music as an agent for promoting health is of high value. If invalids would devote an hour or two daily to practicing vocal music, it would often restore them to health.

—

MISS CREIGER snapped a corset-steel at a pic-nic. Mr. Barnes heard it, and begged to be allowed to make her a pair that would not break. She consented. Being a skilful mechanic, he invented and constructed an improved kind, and she was for three years supplied with them, at the end of which time they married. The question has been before the United States Court whether the wearing of the invention by Miss Creiger was such a "public usage allowed by the inventor" as will prevent Barnes from obtaining a patent. The Court decided against Barnes, but Justice Miller dissented. "If the little spring," he says, "inserted in a single pair of corsets, and used by only one woman covered by her outer clothing, and in a position withheld from public observation, is a public use of that piece of steel, I am at a loss to know the line between a public and a private use."

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THE investigations made by an eminent French physician have led him to the conclusion that the most common cause of stammering is some sudden fright in childhood—a fire, a boat accident, or the like, will make a child a stammerer suddenly; the evil may, however, come gradually, and sometimes from involuntary imitation of stammering in another. It is curious that men are much more given to stammering than women, all authors agreeing in this, and reckoning only ten to twenty women in one hundred stammerers. Country parts contain twice or thrice as many stammerers as the towns. Again, countries containing the most schools have fewest stammerers; by learning to know their tongue, to distinguish, read and write the different words, children come to apprehend and articulate these more distinctly and avoid stammering. In savage countries, where grammar is an art wholly unknown, travelers have noticed a great number of stammerers.

—

AS wit pierces the ordinary current of conversation, so does presence of mind, in the form of ratiocination, illuminate a catastrophe or a panic. The phrases "having your wits about you," and "not losing your head," which are the ordinary vernacular equivalents for presence of mind, show, in fact, this exceptional quality to be essentially wit in action. There is an old tradition which recounts how when William the Conqueror landed for the first time on English soil, he slipped and fell on his face. Divining by some swift intuition that his followers might regard this as an ill omen, he rose with each hand full of earth, and exclaimed: "Thus do I take possession of England! I grasp it with both hands!" To this readiness the quality of wit can hardly be denied; but it was practical wit as well, and is therefore properly regarded as one of the typical instances of presence of mind.

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MANY complaints appear in the English papers of the annoyances which people are forced to endure when riding in street cars, and no wonder, if occurrences like the following are often repeated: A certain street car, well filled with passengers, was stopped to admit a portly dame, who calmly entered, bearing in her arms a lively young pig, which forthwith began to squeal vociferously. This set a couple of roosters in the other end of the car to crowing after the manner of their kind, and the joint din of pig and roosters provoked a number of babies into screaming. Then the other passengers began protesting, and in the midst of the tumult the pig bit its mistress' finger to the bone, at which she uttered a yell that might have waked the dead; and all the time the conductor was adding his contribution to the universal uproar by declaring, in stentorian tones, that he really could not allow such "goings on."

THE recognition of the doctrine that education should consist in the development of the faculties rather than the mere acquisition of knowledge, is more and more insisted upon by practical thinkers. A prominent London paper says that it may appear a paradox, but it is a simple and plain statement of fact, that a man may be well educated, and yet know little or nothing. The best intellectual organism is not that which has been most heavily charged with information, but that which possesses in the highest degree the faculty or power of finding facts at pleasure and using them logically and with prompt ability. A ready wit in the true sense of the term is incomparably better than a loaded brain. Miserable cases of mental collapse are constantly falling under notice in which the process of cramming has produced a blighting effect on the brains of the young. Their physical health has been sacrificed in the attempt to make them prodigies of learning.

—

ONE of the most singular mechanical operations imaginable is the making of gold wire for what is known as gold lace. The refiner first prepares a solid rod of silver, about an inch in thickness; he beats this rod, applies upon the surface a sheet of gold-leaf, burnishes this down, and so on, until the gold is about one-hundredth part the thickness of the silver. The rod is then subjected to a train of processes which brings it down to the state of fine wire, when it is passed through holes in a steel plate lessening step by step in diameter. The gold never deserts the silver, but adheres to it closely, and shares all its mutations; it is one-hundredth part the thickness of the silver at the beginning, and it maintains the same ratio to the end. As to the thinness to which the gold-coated rod of silver can be brought, the limit depends on the delicacy of human skill. It has been calculated, however, that the gold actually placed on the very finest silver wire for gold lace is not more than one-third of one-millionth of an inch in thickness.

ONLY A DREAM.

BY MIGNON.

Rosaline sat in a daisy dell,
Her feet all buried in flowers,
The skies less blue than her violet eyes,
Bathed her in sunshine showers.
Rosaline sat with a heart all full
Of dreams too sweet to be;
The birds sang loud on the birchen bough,
And the world was fair to see!

Oh, if there were fays, thought Rosaline,
And one should come floating by
In a little rose-leaf chariot
To find where strawberries lie;
I would show her where the reddest grow,
And then she would give to me
Something better than silver or gold
The blessing of wishes three!

My father and I dwell all alone,
And his soul is full of care;—
So first I'd wish for purer joys
To be his life-long share,
And then I'd wish for a lover true
To come from the world to me,—
And all the joys of the whole great earth
To make up my wishes three.

The birds sang sweet on the birchen spray,
The bees humming lily by,—
The wind made music in all the leaves,
And the sunshine filled the sky.
But never a fay in a rose-leaf came,—
And never came wishes three,—
So Rosaline put her dream away
And back to Life went she.

Janet's Last Day.

BY ANNA W. YOUNG.

"WHY, Janet, what is the matter? Have you and that scapegrace brother of mine been quarreling, or have these threatening clouds and pouring rains put an end to some pet scheme?

"Positively your dejected attitude suggests visions of Marianna in the moated grange. 'He cometh not, she said, I am aweary,'" and a ripple of soft laughter echoed through the room as Mrs. Langdon quoted from the Poet Laureate.

"Don't be absurd, Alicia," retorted Janet Jennings, with a pout on her crimson lips, as a rosy flush stole over the lovely face, "and how can you question my silence? Is not this terrible weather enough to plunge any one into a fit of the blues?

"And to think this is my last day at Woodly!

"We were to have taken a ride to the falls this morning, but of course this detestable weather will prevent any such pleasure, and there is not the smallest rift of blue sky visible to justify one in hoping the afternoon will be bright and clear!"

"Oh! dear, I wish I lived in Egypt or where ever else rain is not known!"

"And who are we?" laughed Mrs. Langdon, well knowing Janet was thinking of no other than handsome brother Harry who had fallen desperately in love with his sister's fair guest.

"Ah! that is something for me to know and you to find out!

"Depend upon it I shall not enlighten you," and Janet laughed gaily as all traces of ill-humor disappeared from her handsome face.

"What an April day you are to be sure!" exclaimed Mrs. Langdon.

"Tears and smiles—clouds and sunshine!

"Let us hope you will prove typical of the day."

At this moment the door opened and an old lady entered the room.

With the first glance at her still handsome features you felt she had a story to tell.

"Welcome, Grandmother," said Mrs. Langdon addressing the new comer.

"You are just in time to help entertain this young lady who is suffering from an attack of the blues, because, forsooth, the inclement weather prevents her and Harry from taking a ride to White water.

"You see I know all about it, though your ladyship was pleased to set the seal of silence upon your lips!

"But cheer up, Mignonne, behind the clouds is the sun still shining, and while you await its bright beams persuade Grandmother to open her budget of stories and regale you with one of the many rare ones she has stored away.

"That romantic episode of her girlhood is worth hearing, and this rainy day just the time to relate a thrilling adventure," and Mrs. Langdon left the room on culinary thought intent.

"A thrilling adventure! then I am all ears!" exclaimed Janet, her interest thoroughly excited.

"Please commence at once!"

"Well, my dear," answered the lady smiling at the girl's impetuosity, "draw your chair nearer the fire, and I will endeavor to beguile the lagging hours with true tale."

Janet nestled in the depths of a hugh arm chair, and her companion began the following romance of her girlhood:

"When I was in the heyday of youth, sweet seventeen, my father, who was an active colonel in the United States army, was ordered with his regiment to the Western frontier to aid in quelling the frequent outbreaks of the Indians.

"I was summoned from boarding-school to accompany him, and a suitable governess having been secured we started for, and after weeks of fatiguing travel, reached our far off destination.

"Our home for the subsequent four years was in a small place scarcely deserving the name of village; my companions a few uninteresting girls, daughters of the officers of the garrison, and my governess, as dull a specimen of womanhood as I ever knew.

"Was it a wonder that I sought sources of enjoyment beyond the circle of my own sex and welcomed every handsome form that boasted an *epaulette*!

"How many were the wild rides I used to take with one and then another of the lords of my little world; what delightful dances we enjoyed weekly, and how pleasent our walks through the grand old forests.

"With girlish vanity I would consult my mirror and exult in the beauty I saw reflected there.

"Excuse me, dear, 'tis balm to a faded woman's heart to recall those days when she reigned a belle and beauty, though the bloom and brightness have yielded to the touch of time and left nothing on which to base her claims to former loveliness.

"But to resume, I was the envy of the girls by whom I was surrounded for they received but little attention from the *militaire*.

"I came, I saw, I conquered, and they beat an inglorious retreat from the fields of flirtation.

"For a long period I reigned right regally in my little court, dispensing my smiles to all who came to offer homage at my shrine.

"But at length there came 'a change o'er the spirit of my dream,' and I who had charmed and won and thrown away so many honest hearts, met my fate in the person of one whom I shall designate as Harold.

"He was a general favorite at the garrison, and standing high in my father's estimation, was heartily welcomed by him to our abode.

"Here we met day after day, and I soon heard him plead the old but ever new sweet story.

"My father, little dreaming we were more than friends, was quite contented with matters as they stood.

"I was his only child, his darling, and any one contributing to my happiness was sure to stand high in his regard, provided he or she did not encroach on his prerogative—the right to love his child alone.

"We were aroused from our dream of happiness one luckless evening, when Harold took my father aside and pleaded his love for his wayward daughter.

"The avowal was received with a kind of savage jealousy.

"'What right have you,' he exclaimed, in a towering passion to enter my home and steal the heart of my little girl?

"'She was entirely my own until your cursed, handsome face crossed the threshold of my house, and I have been a poor blind fool not to see how matters were tending.

"'Leave the house, sir, and never dare to enter it again unless you come to sue for pardon for the wrong you have done me.'

"My father's angry voice penetrated to the room above, where I awaited the result of the interview.

"I had feared trouble, knowing so well the exacting nature of his affection for me, but I also knew that I had at most times no little influence over him, and firm in this belief, I resolved to exert it in my own and Harold's behalf.

"As I entered the room, I was appalled by the scene that met my gaze.

"Both men were mad with passion, and Harold's hand grasped his sword in a most menacing manner.

"I threw myself between them entreating and imploring, but my father was inexorable; no words of mine could quell the tempest raging in his heart.

"That any one should win my affection was a thing he could not forgive, and again he ordered Harold to leave the house.

"With a heart swelling with outraged pride, and grief at losing me, my lover left us, and many a weary month elapsed ere I saw him again.

"My father extorted a promise that there should be no communication by word or letter between Harold and myself, and, although I felt the injustice of his demand, I yielded to it.

"Well, life was now truly a burden.

"Deprived of my lover's attention and devotion, I became thoroughly miserable, and my pale cheek and listless manner must have told my father my heart was breaking.

"I think now, Janet, the best impulses of my being had been stirred by my daily communion with Harold, and my girlish fickleness and my love of coquetry had given way to an earnestness and depth that many considered foreign to my character.

"Time crawled on, and a year had passed, when one day our little village was thrown into a whirl of excitement by the arrival of an embassy of Indian chieftains.

"The nature of their visit and the details attending it belong not to my story.

"Suffice is to say, they bore the pipe of peace.

"During the morning I received a note from my father, informing me that the chief, Oneola, would accompany him home, and desiring me to meet and offer him the hospitality of our home.

"I think he thought I would be diverted by meeting this man of whom I had often heard, and who was as noted for the beauty and nobility of his form and features, as for the bravery he had displayed in his encounters on the battle field with the whites.

"He was said to be far in advance of his people in civilization, and, by his superiority of mind and manners, commanded the respect of all with whom he came in contact.

"It was with more interest than I then evinced in current events that I proceeded to the parlor where I heard my father's voice ringing out in high glad tones.

"He was rejoiced that this Indian had been won over.

"His influence was great among his people, and it would be exerted in preserving the treaty just agreed upon.

"Twelve months before, I would have cherished thoughts of fascinating this chieftain, as I had often done his pale faced brothers.

"But my heart was then too sad to harbor such a design, and I welcomed him with a gravity equal to that with which he received my salutation.

"I wish you could have seen him, Janet, as I did, that bright morning in June in the far-off long ago.

"He was arrayed in all the paraphernalia of savage display, but tall, handsome, and almost courtly in bearing, he was as noble a specimen of manhood as one could desire to see.

"'This is my daughter, chief,' said my father as I entered, 'have you any as fair in the Indian wigwams?'

"'None so fair,' answered the Indian in excellent English.

"'The Indian squaws are all dark.

"'Oneola never saw so bright a lady but once.'

"'And who could that have been?' my father asked carelessly.

"'Many months ago a pale faced lady rode through the forest with one of the braves of her people. Oneola saw them coming and stepped behind a tree; and the sun seemed not so bright as that white lily?'

"His dark eyes gleamed with a strange light as he spoke, and I grew almost nervous under the keen penetrating glances he bent upon me.

"I knew he referred to one of those happy rides I used to take with Harold, and I was glad when my father, seeing the shadows of the past stealing over me, turned the conversation into another channel.

"It was about a month after Oneola's visit that my father entered the house one day in a most excited state.

"'Nell! Nell!' he cried, 'where are you!'

"I hastened to his call.

"'Here is a pretty piece of business!

"'That dog of an Indian has had the insolence to fall in love with you—the Pale Lily as he calls you!

"'It is not an hour since he declared his passion, and with more ardor than I imagined an Indian could feel, he implored me to permit you to share his wigwam.

"'Share his wigwam, indeed? By the powers, I could scarcely resist shooting him down, like an Indian dog as he is!

"'He seems to think it remains with me to decide whether you are to be his wife or not, that you have no say whatever in the matter.'

"I did not feel that it was such a terrible piece of presumption after all.

"Woman like, I felt flattered at even an Indian's preference, and my heart was filled with pity and regret for him rather than with harsher sentiments.

"But as my father proceeded in his account of the interview, I began to feel uncomfortable, and wished the chieftain had bestowed his affections in some dusky maiden of his own race.

"It is an unfortunate affair, he continued, and may lead to serious consequences.

"He looked sullen enough when I told him, in pretty plain terms, what I thought of his presumption.

"I was rather too violent in my expressions I must confess.

"My confounded temper got the better of me, and I wounded the fellow's feeling no doubt.

"'You women are always at the bottom of something that gives rise to trouble,' and my father left the room very much annoyed.

"I knew, as well as if I had been present, how he had spoken and acted during the interview with Oneola, for, though generous and loving, he had a temper that bordered on frenzy when aroused.

"Knowing too that an Indian seldom forgot or forgave an insult, I feared trouble for the future.

"But as several months passed, and we neither saw nor heard of Oneola, we concluded our fears had exaggerated the danger, and so I resumed my rides which I had abstained from at my father's suggestion, he having feared the consequences of a chance meeting with the chieftain.

"Well, one afternoon I called for my horse and started for a visit to one of my favorite woodland retreats.

"It was some distance from the village, and the path leading to it ran through a dense portion of the forest.

"What it was that frightened my horse I never knew, but it must have been something terrifying, for he snorted, reared, and then dashed on regardless of my efforts to control or soothe him.

"Tam O'Shanter, with the witch behind him, could not have flown at a more break-neck speed than I did through that dark wood.

"On we went, and gradually the fear of an unknown death began to chill me to the heart.

"I knew I could never retrace those long weary miles alone, and I felt I would die of cold and hunger ere any one could find and rescue me.

"I was growing sick, weak, and faint, and fast yielding to the horrors of my situation, when, to my inexpressible dismay, I beheld Oneola, standing erect and unmoved, in the path down which my horse was rushing.

"To arrest the mad career of the animal, by a single blow dealt upon its forehead, was the work of an instant, and then passing the bridle of the stunned horse over his arm, he approached my side, exclaiming, as a triumphant gleam flashed over his dark face,

"'Ah! the great spirit has blessed Oneola, and placed in his hands the white Lily he loves!'

"Imagine my consternation!

"The very blood in my veins seemed to curdle, and I remained speechless until I heard him mutter—

"'She is cold and tired, I will take her to the wigwam!'

"Then, half beside myself with fright, I cried out, entreating him to restore me to my father.

"That name seemed to arouse his evil passions, for grinding his teeth while a look of savage hate crept into his splendid eyes, he exclaimed—

"'The white Lily shall never see her father again.

"'The insult he offered the chief of many braves still burns here,'—placing his hand on his heart, 'and Oneola will wring the heart of the pale face as he once wrung Oneola's.

"'The Lily must become the chieftain's wife.

"'He will send the dark squaws away, and the white lady shall be the only mistress of his wigwam.

"'Oneola knows something about the rite of marriage practiced by the pale faces, and a medicine man of the whites shall make the Lily the chieftain's wife.'

"Oh! what a moment of unutterable agony was that!

"I only wonder I lived through it!

"Finding my entreaties were of no avail, I relapsed into silence for the rest of the journey, and with a prayer in my heart to the Great Protector of all things, I resolved to resist to the bitter end the wishes and advances of my captor.

"After proceeding several miles, we reached the Indian settlement, and I was conducted by the chief to the largest and most comfortable looking hut.

"He spoke a few words in the Indian tongue to the women who gathered around us, and then left me to their care after having addressed a few words to me in an almost sympathetic tone.

"I was kindly treated by the women, and every effort made to induce me to partake of food.

"But I was in too fearful a mental condition to think of bodily requirements.

"I was undisturbed during the night, but with the morning's earliest dawn I was aroused by the entrance of two Indians, who were sent to conduct me to the chief.

"In a large grove sat Oneola, surrounded by a band of painted warriors.

"A minister of the gospel stood beside him, with a puzzled expression on his face.

"'Father,' said the chief, rising as he spoke and approaching me with a countenance on which were seen many conflicting emotions, 'I love this white Lily as I have never loved the maidens of my own race.

"'I wish to make her my wife, and the pale faces shall then learn that an Indian's love is as pure and strong as theirs. Unite us.'

"'I refuse to do so,' answered the minister.

"'The lady is a captive, and, judging from the anguish depicted on her countenance, I should say her consent has not been won.

"'You have deceived me.

"'When your messenger summoned me last night to perform the marriage rite, he did not tell me that the intended bride was a white captive lady. For shame Oneola! you——'

"But here the Indian clutched his knife, and bent such a scowling, threatening look upon the minister that he became silent.

"'The white lady shall decide for herself,' the chief now exclaimed, drawing himself up proudly and bending an earnest gaze upon me.

"'Will you marry Oneola and be his well-loved Lily, or refuse him, and learn that an Indian can hate as strongly as he can love!'

"I saw no hate in the magnificent eyes fixed upon me.

"A true love had softened the ferocity of their expression, and thus reassured, I answered boldly.

"'I am at your mercy, Indian, but hear me swear no threats of yours shall ever induce me to become your wife.

"'I love another, and we pale faces are ever true to our betrothal vows.'

"This confession fell from my lips involuntarily, and was instantaneous in its effect upon the chief.

"'Ah!' he exclaimed, as with a single bound he reached my side and fiercely clutched my arm.

"'Tell me what pale face has won your love, and where is the brave while his Lily trembles in the Indian's power!

"I looked at the man before me, and read something in his noble face that induced me to reveal to him the tragic story of mine and Harold's love.

"He listened attentively until I finished, and then answered simply.

"'Let the Lily tell Oneola her pale face lover's name.'

"Approaching nearer to him I whispered it.

"'Harold!' he cried, recoiling, while his dark features grew ashen-hued.

"'Harold! he is Oneola's friend—true,

brave and tried, and I love him, though his race and mine are different!

"'If the white lady speaks true,' taking my hand and bending a keen, searching look upon me,—'and I cannot think the Lily ever lies, then the great spirit refuses to bless Oneola and his proud heart must break, for he loves no other woman.'

"There was a sadness in those grand eyes of his that moved me strangely.

"'Noble Indian!' I cried, clinging to his hand, 'I am not worthy to be loved so well!

"'Do not despair!

"'The great spirit will reward and bless you with a truer wife than the poor Lily could ever be!'

"He pressed my hand in silence, and led me back to the hut.

"'Stay here,' he said, consigning me to the care of the women, 'I will return in three or four hours,' and with no other explanation he left me.

"The hours dragged wearily on.

"I was at a loss to account for Oneola's protracted absence, and noted with intense anxiety that another day was fast drawing to its close.

"But all things have an end, and at length I heard footsteps approaching.

"A moment after the door opened, and the chief entered, followed by Harold.

"My first impulse was to throw myself into my lover's arms, my next, to grasp the hand of the noble savage and pour out my heartfelt gratitude.

"Knowing that Harold was not at the garrison, but out on duty in another direction, Oneola had sought him and revealed the story of my capture and his ill-fated love for me.

"If Harold felt any anger he wisely forebore to show it, and in the first transport of joy at meeting again, we both forgot our surroundings.

"The Indian watched us moodily for awhile, then he approached, and extending his hand to me said—

"'Will the Lily forgive me the pain I caused her?

"'The pale face scorned my love for his daughter, and my heart swelled with revenge and exultation when you crossed my path yesterday.

"'Had I known the Lily was Harold's betrothed—my brother whose own lips revealed to me his unhappy love for the white lady, though he did not give her name—I would not have held her captive for a single moment.

"'Revenge is sweet, but Oneola would not wrong his pale faced brother?'

"Then placing my hand in Harold's, he continued—

"'Oneola gives the white Lily to his friend, but she must become his wife ere he bears her away to the wigwams of his people.'

"A sudden gleam of intense joy irradiated Harold's face, as the chieftain spoke.

"They looked keenly at each other for a second, and seemed to arrive at some tacit understanding.

"'No!!' said Harold, clasping my hand, 'this marriage must take place; we love each other—why not become my wife!'

"He was all eagerness.

"'But, Harold, my father!

"'It would break his heart!' I cried, in an agony of doubt and indecision.

"'The White Lily,' here interrupted Oneola, 'must become the bride of Harold or remain in the Indian wigwam.'

"I searched his face, hoping to find therein signs of relenting, but it was stern and impenetrable as marble.

"Well, after many tears and protestations I yielded, and in the grove where I had so nearly become an Indian's bride, surrounded by the chief and his braves, the rites were performed which made me Harold's wife.

"Immediately after Oneola disappeared, and after a short interval spent in searching for him, we set out toward the village.

"No need to dwell on my father's rage when he learned that I had married Harold, but as we found him nearly wild with grief at my mysterious disappearance, it was not a great while before he regarded very tenderly the man who had rescued his little girl from the 'red skinned devils.'

"But time works wonders as well as changes, and there came a day when he learned to call Oneola his friend, and on more than one occasion thanked him for having given him so good a son.

"Until his death, many years after, the chieftain continued to be to me and mine the bravest and truest of friends.

"At our fireside and board, the best was reserved for him, and my eldest son, Harry's and Alicia's father, bears his name."

Here the old lady paused, but before Janet could offer a single comment of delight, Mrs. Langdon came dancing in the room.

"Did I not tell you, mignonne, that behind the clouds was the sun still shining! Behold how its beams are kissing the raindrops from the flowers, and see, your cavalier elect is riding up the avenue! Quick, don your habit and away to White Water!"

And as Janet, first giving a kiss to the old lady by way of thanks, rushed out of the room, Mrs. Langdon murmured—

"Yes, away to White Water in the full power of your youth and beauty, and much shall I be mistaken, grandmother mine, if to the music of the laughing waters she does not listen to a story sweeter far than this you have just related of your Indian lover."

Are grub worms good to eat?

From a Cold.

BY W. H. C.

BLETH by heart!" ejaculated Alexis Verifond, in mingled accents of disgust and a bad cold in the head.

He stood on the grass plot before the paternal residence, clutching his knapsack, and ruefully regarding the lighted front crossed by an endless procession of moving shadows, and listening to the strains of a band in full blast that told the whole story.

"Bleth it I don't believe they've gone and given a barty to welcome me hobe," he communed with himself, with anything but delighted appreciation of this mark of attention from the family.

Of course all the pretty girls of his acquaintance were gathered within.

Equally, of course, every room in the house was thrown open and transformed into that stream of chatting, laughing, fun-loving humanity which would only see the ridiculous side of his miserable condition—head feeling as if a saw were at work inside, nose swollen, eyes watering.

Any one who ever has been afflicted with influenza knows the deplorable plight in which Mr. Verifond was plunged.

Add to this that he was a young gentleman who rather prided himself upon his good looks, that he was the 'catch' of his set for whom half the belles present were daintily angling, that he had been traveling all day and wanted nothing in the world just then so much as a mustard foot-bath, a hot lemonade, and to be tucked away in bed for the next twelve hours without question or hindrance, by which time he felt that he might recover sufficiently to receive the affectionate greetings of his relatives.

And now to be met with the necessity of facing that merry making throng.

"I'll be hanged if I'll do it—not if I camp down in the back yard all night. Achew! achew!"

And Alexis's resolve wound up in a series of sneezes that threatened to betray the presence he was so anxious to conceal.

Clearly, the camping down operation was out of the question, and, as he cast a last despairing glance over the building, he was revived by the inspiration of a thought.

Aunt Prunella's room!

Nothing brighter than an oil-lamp burned behind her curtains.

Bless the dear old lady!

Without doubt she was suffering from neuralgia, or tic doloreux, or nervous depression, or some other of the thousand and one ailments that played hide-and-seek in her ancient frame, but she wouldn't laugh at his woebegone countenance, nor ridicule the general misery of his condition.

It was but the work of a moment to tip-toe around to the side of the house, to climb up by the lattice-work of the porch, and tap lightly at Aunt Prunella's window.

There was a clear fire in the grate, before which the old lady was comfortably toasting her toes.

A quilted and wadded dressing-gown was airing on a chair, and sharing the stand at her elbow with a formidable array of vials and pill-boxes was a deeply-ruffled, freshly-crimped nightcap laid out for future use.

Suddenly Miss Prunella put her hand to her ear.

"Eh?" she remarked, inquiringly.

"Now if I could hear, I should say that somebody was getting in through the window.

"Queer how such notions take a body.

"I really believe I'm having a change.

"Now if it's the deafness leaving me, I ought to turn round and see a fellow creature——"

"Don't screab, auntie; it's be, Alexis.

"The Lord be praised for all His mercy," pronounced aunt Prunella, solemnly.

"Why, you don't say you was frightened about be?"

"Alexis, I have suffered the affliction of losing my hearing, and I rejoice that it is miraculously restored to me.

"Under Providence I owe it to you, for your voice is the first I have distinguished for a week—yes, though the girls sat here half the day talking about their party, I never heard a word, and so I told them."

"It id for be, den?" asked Alexis. "Who hab dey, anyway?"

"Oh, all the neighborhood, and Miss Lovelotte.

"I am sorry you can't see Miss Lovelotte.

"Your sisters are wild about her, and she's a perfect lady—screamed every time she spoke to me, and never minded when Lucy laughed."

Alexis was sorry, too, to, unknown to aunt Prunella he had seen Miss Lovelotte.

He was a little impressed by her, in fact; without a doubt he would have fancied it love at first sight, only that, being blest with young lady sisters, he was a trifle distrustful of woman's arts.

If he could only be sure that she was the guileless and loveable creature she seemed.

He was dreamily comfortable by the time the door closed behind his aunt, and inclined to believe that Fate owed him some recompense for denying him the pleasure he would have found in Miss Lovelotte's society.

It was in this mood that his glances began to wander to Miss Prunella's nightcap.

From his boyhood up, this portion of her wardrobe had always appeared to him as a thing fearfully and wonderfully made.

Such crimps and flutings, such insertions and gathers!

Such an incomprehensible combination of cambric and lace!

An insane desire came over him to take the thing in his hands, to put it on his head.

A pair of spectacles from the stand completed the outfit, and he waited with some amusement for the moment when aunt Prunella would return and confront her bearded double.

"In here, Clara.

"It's the old lady's room, but that doesn't matter."

Alexis gave one wild clutch at the cap-strings which settled them in a hard knot, and then buried his face in his handkerchief with a dismal groan.

"What's the matter with her?" asked a second voice.

"Oh, toothache or something.

"Lucy says if it isn't one thing it's sure to be another.

"She don't mind us, you see—deaf as a post.

"I screamed myself hoarse trying to do the agreeable to her yesterday."

"To her—what for?

"Oh, don't move, you'll get the powder in your eyebrows."

"That's enough, isn't it?

"What for?

"Why you see, there's a nephew in the case, and I believe in making friends of the family.

"I've set my heart on getting this Alock—Alexander, or whatever his name is."

"Why, I thought you were engaged to Fernley."

"So I am, but I'd find a way out of that entanglement if I was sure of becoming Mrs. Verifond. Are my lips too red tonight, Clara?"

"About right.

"You wear your hair dark nowadays, I see."

"Yes, I don't know what possessed me to bleach it.

"I'll have to dye it now to the end of my days.

"But there's one consolation; I can get my finger-puffs to match without the least trouble."

"Is that all you wanted?"

"You might have fixed in the dressing-room."

"Not much.

"Somebody would have found out that I was touching up my complexion—Lucy Verifond, for instance.

"Girls with marriageable brothers are not to be trusted."

"Won't Fernley take it hard?"

"Oh, perhaps.

"I'm really fond of him, you know.

"Ready?

"So am I, but I wish I had a thimbleful of brandy to chick up my spirits with.

"I'm too down in the mouth for anything since Verifond has disappointed us."

The two radiant beings shook out their draperies and floated away.

Outside the door there was a little shriek.

"As sure as you live, that's aunt Prunella's night-cap! Who do you suppose it was, Clara?"

"In my room, Miss Lovelotte?" in aunt Prunella's voice.

"There's nobody there but my nephew Alexis.

"So you found him out, did you? The poor fellow feels as if he weren't fit to be seen."

"Wonder how she feels?" muttered Alexis grimly, tugging at the refractory strings.

And ever after he had a tender regard for aunt Prunella's nightcaps, which no member of the family could quite understand.

For Miss Lovelotte—well, words fail me.

Clara succeeded in compelling Fernley, but Miss Lovelotte is Miss Lovelotte to this day.

"FATHER," he suddenly remarked, as he looked up into the paternal face, "you are awful good to me." "Am I? Well I hope I treat her as a husband should a devoted wife." "And it's all over town how liberal you are to her." "How; what do you mean?" "Why, I heard three or four men on the car say that all you had in the world was in her name!" "Yes—ahem—yes—you get to bed, sir; and next time you hear people lying about me, don't listen to what they say."

LANGUAGE OF THE FACE.

ROUND-EYED persons see much, live much in the senses, but think less.

Narrow-eyed persons, on the other hand, see less, but think more and feel more intensely.

It will be observed that the eyes of children are open and round. Their whole life is to receive impressions. It is only when childhood is maturing toward manhood or womanhood that thought comes, if it comes at all. But what is it that most leads to reflection? Experience.

Our errors, our shortcomings, our failures—these teach us to think before we act, to consider each step, to weigh every motive.

When, therefore, the upper eyelid—for it is that which has the greatest amount of mobility—droops over the eye, it indicates not merely reflection but something painful to reflect about.

Hence the length or drooping of the upper eyelid betokens confession and penitence.

The drooping of half of the eyelids from the outer angle to the centre indicates the disposition to confess one's faults to parents or seniors, to a "father confessor," to the Supreme Being.

The drooping of half of the eyelids from the inner angle to the centre betokens the disposition to repent, and, to "do works meet for repentance."

Closely allied to these signs are those of prayerfulness and humility. The former is indicated by the muscle which turns the eye directly downward, as represented in the pictures of the Madonna. Prayerfulness is usually large in connection with that of penitance; the reason of which is, that between the faculties of penitence and humility there is the same close connection as between confession and prayer. One who has more prayer than humility has the eye turned habitually somewhat upward, so that the upper part of the iris is a little covered by the upper eyelid, and so as to leave a slight space between the iris and the lower lid. The reverse is true of one who has more humility than prayer.

The faculty of truth—that is, the love of it—is indicated by the muscle which surrounds the eye, causing folds and wrinkles. Justice is indicated by the muscle which causes perpendicular wrinkles between the eyebrows. Fullness and wrinkles, under the eye, for which some persons are remarkable, indicate the love of mathematical accuracy; and wrinkles curving upward from the outer angle of the eye and the eyebrow, indicate probity or personal truthfulness. There are three degrees of the faculty of justice. The first is a kind of exactness or strict honesty in small money matters, which some people would call closeness, and is indicated by a singular perpendicular wrinkle or line between the eyebrows. The other is the disposition to require justice in others, and is indicated by two perpendicular lines or wrinkles, one on each side of the centre—a very common sign. The third degree is conscientiousness, or the disposition to apply the rule of justice to one's self, and is indicated by three or more wrinkles or lines, especially noticeable, extending above the eyebrow when the muscle is in action. The love of command is indicated by one or more short transverse wrinkles across the root of the nose, exactly between the eyes. It may be seen in great military commanders, in masters and teachers, and in those generally who are fond of exercising authority. In those who are wanting in the power to command, and have no desire for responsibility, this sign is also absent. The faculty of command frequently acts with that part of justice which reprimands, or requires others to do right, and both together produce that frowning lowering brow which is so terrible to evil-doers, or to those who love to be approved rather than condemned.

A BOSTON man seeing another man with a fine umbrella raised over his head during a shower, and thinking that he was a friend ran up to him, and, for a joke said: "I'll take that umbrella, please." The victim proved to be a stranger, but he immediately handed it over, and said: "Oh, it's yours, is it," and broke away.

Compound Oxygen in Catarrh.

The following letter, which came unsolicited, shows how promptly Compound Oxygen acts in a very troublesome disease, which, if not arrested, too often assumes a distressing and loathsome character. Not only in the early stages of this disease, but after it has become deeply seated and offensive, has it been found to yield to the action of this new and remarkable remedy:

"CADY & WOLWORTH'S BUSINESS COLLEGE AND PHONOGRAPHIC INSTITUTE,
Union Square, New York, Oct. 25, 1881.

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN—Sirs: I have now been using your Compound Oxygen—home treatment—about six weeks, for a troublesome and very disagreeable catarrh, which was fastened on me by sleeping for years in a cold room, with my feet out of one window and my head out of another!

"Now for the results. In two weeks I appreciated a slight change, and in four weeks my head became as clear as anybody's, my breathing became freer, and general health much improved, although not specially bad before. The difficulty in the throat—post nasal do you call it?—is not fully corrected, but it is so much better that I am more agreeable to myself, and much less disagreeable to others than I was before using the Oxygen.

"I am delighted more than I can tell you with your remedy, and give this testimonial voluntarily, which you are at liberty to sell for waste paper, or make such other use of as you choose. I know there are many teachers who, like me, suffer from catarrh, and who like me have refused for a long time to acknowledge it, who would be greatly benefited by the use of Compound Oxygen.

Yours Very Respectfully,
C. E. CADY."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information, sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

—WAR. WAR.—

WAR ON THE WASH-BOILER. WAR ON FILTHY FUMES OF STEAM.

A GOD-SEND TO OVERWORKED HOUSEKEEPERS and SERVANT-GIRLS.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS HAS ATTENDED THE INTRODUCTION OF

The Frank Siddalls Soap

IT HAS MADE A DOMESTIC REVOLUTION IN THOUSANDS OF HOMES.

IT HAS BEEN DECLARED by EDITORS and HOUSEKEEPERS to be one of the MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES of our Time,

And the **"POST"** now has the pleasure of telling its readers about its being a Labor-saving Invention, destined to afford wonderful relief to over-worked women and servant-girls. It is as necessary to the comfort of the Rich as of the Poor. *The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes* is better and easier than the old way, and it will answer both for the finest laces and garments and the coarser clothing of the laboring-classes. It is a cheap Soap to use; and a few minutes' time on the part of a Housekeeper of ordinary intelligence is all that is necessary to show the washwoman how to use it, and every Housekeeper should insist on its being used *one time* EXACTLY BY THE DIRECTIONS.

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP and THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES never fails when the Soap falls into the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF REFINEMENT.

A person of Refinement will be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy, filthy way.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF INTELLIGENCE.

A person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in following directions which are so easy that a child could understand them.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF HONOR.

A person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to send for an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

HOW TO TELL A SENSIBLE PERSON.

A sensible person will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

JUST THINK! NO STEAM TO SPOIL THE FURNITURE AND WALL-PAPER!

DONT FORGET TO TRY THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP FOR THE TOILET, THE BATH, AND FOR SHAVING. It agrees with the skin of the most delicate infant, and infants washed in this way will not get prickly heat and eruptions and sores, which other soap often causes. EVEN A PERSON OF ORDINARY INTELLIGENCE WILL KNOW FOR CERTAIN that the long-continued use of a Soap that is excellent for washing children CANNOT POSSIBLY INJURE THE MOST DELICATE ARTICLE WASHED WITH IT, no matter how quickly it may remove dirt.

And remember, this Advertisement would not be inserted in this Paper if there was any humbug about it.

HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY, where it is not Sold at the Stores.

Make your Promises VERY PLAIN, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

1st.—Send 10 Cents in Money or Stamps.
2d.—Say in her letter she saw the advertisement in the **"POST"**
3d.—Promise that the Soap shall be used THE FIRST WASH-DAY after she gets it; that it shall be used ON THE WHOLE WASH, and that ALL THE DIRECTIONS, even the most trifling, shall be followed.

Those who send for a Cake must NOT send for any for their friends. Let each family who want the Soap send for themselves.

Now by return mail a full size 10-cent Cake of Soap will be sent, POSTAGE PREPAID. It will be put in a neat iron box, so as to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in postage-stamps have to be put on. This is done because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen out to sell to the Stores.

Of course, only one Cake will be sent to each person, but after trying it the Stores will then send for it to accommodate you, if you want it.

THE FRANK SIDDALLS IMPROVED WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

EASY AND LADYLIKE; SENSIBLE PERSONS FOLLOW THESE RULES EXACTLY, OR DONT BUY THE SOAP.

The Soap washes freely in Hard Water. Dont use Soda or Lye. Dont use Borax or Ammonia. Dont use any thing but THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP. It answers for the Finest Laces, Calico, Lawns, Blankets, Flannels, etc., and also for soiled clothing of Butchers, Blacksmiths, Mill Hands and Farmers.

A WASHBOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Heat the wash-water in the tea-kettle; the wash-water should only be lukewarm and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash. *Be sure to try the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it may seem.* A wash-boiler standing unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in the Soap. Wash the white flannels with the other white pieces.

The less water that the clothes are put to soak in the better will be the result with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the washboard and rub on the Soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so on until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour, *and let the Soap do its work.*

NEXT.—After soaking the full time commence by rubbing the clothes lightly on the washboard, and all the dirt will drop out; turn the clothes inside out so as to get at the seams, but DONT use any more Soap; DONT scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DONT wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets entirely too dirty, dip some of it out and add a little clean water. All dirt can be readily got out in ONE suds. Any time the wash-water gets too cold to be comfortable, add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it.

NEXT comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out, and is done as follows. Wash each piece lightly on the washboard through the rinse water, (without using any more Soap,) and see that all the dirty suds are got out. *Any smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.*

NEXT the blue-water, which can either be lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any blueing, for this Soap takes the place of blueing. Stir a piece of the Soap in the blue-water until it gets decidedly soapy. Put the clothes through this soapy blue water, wring them *and hang them out to dry without any more rinsing, and without scalding or boiling a single piece, no matter how soiled any of the pieces may be.*

Always make the blue-water soapy, *and the less blueing the better.* The clothes when dry will *not* smell of the Soap, but will smell as sweet as new, and will iron the easier, and will dry as white and sweet indoors as out in the air and the clothes will look whiter the oftener they are washed this way. *Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces.*

☞ The starched pieces are to be starched exactly the same way as usual, *except that a small piece of the Soap dissolved in the starch is a wonderful improvement, and also makes the pieces iron much easier.*

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, No. 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Young Folks.

"BUY A BROOM?"

BY [illegible]

"OH, mother, may I have one of those little brooms we saw the other day at [illegible] cart I mean?" "Yes, dear, if the people come round again."

"I wish I could go round the country like they," said Alice Farmer, the eldest of the children.

"It would be great fun moving from place to place."

"You would not find it so pleasant as you imagine," replied Mrs. Farmer, sighing. "Those poor people have to put up with many trials.

"You only think so now because you are ignorant of the troubles they endure."

"Well, I should like to try, at any rate," replied Alice, who was of an adventurous turn of mind; "and when the cart comes I will ask the girl—"

"Nonsense," interrupted Mrs. Farmer. "You must not think of such a thing.

"What do you suppose people would say to you if they saw you in a basket-seller's van?"

"I did not mean to go in the van, mother; I meant I would ask the girl all about it."

Nothing more was said upon the subject at that time, but Alice kept watch for the [illegible]

But they did not come for some time after; till one afternoon Alice thought she heard them at a distance.

The street was quite quiet in the sleepy little town, and Alice was walking by herself over the bridge which crosses the stream at the end.

Alice Farmer was quite right.

In a few moments the van came up slowly, the little horse having quite enough to do to pull it and its occupants along.

A tall, well-grown girl was walking beside the cart, and a small white dog was fastened to it.

As Alice stopped to watch the caravan approach, her sister came running up.

"Oh, here you are, Alice! [illegible] dered where you had got to. How did you know the van was coming?"

"I didn't know it was coming," replied Alice, "but I thought it [illegible]"

"Buy a broom, miss?" said the tall girl who was walking in the road. "Please to buy a broom."

"Yes, I will," said Alice. "I want one [illegible] said Lily, will you have [illegible]"

Lily said, "Yes;" so Alice passed her on and as her sister paid the penny for it she looked earnestly at the girl and said—

"Did you make these yourself?"

"No," replied the girl. "Tommy, my little brother, did."

"How clever he must be!" said Alice. "How old is your little [illegible]"

"Nine," replied the [illegible] said.

"He can't walk properly; and the doctors can't do him good without knives, and mother says they shan't cut his feet off."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Alice, in her turn. "What's your name?"

"Betsy Jordan. The [illegible] mother and little Tommy in the here [illegible] Bob, the baby."

"And haven't you [illegible] father?" inquired Alice.

"Yes; but we don't see much of him now, since [illegible]

[illegible]

So we left [illegible] away, when a brutal [illegible] knocked Alice's head.

"Wasn't it her father cure Tommy? Certainly he was only a country [illegible], and employed by the parish—not like a [illegible]

Still, Alice knew he was clever.

So she said suddenly—

"Where are you going to stop to-night?"

"On the heath, at the upper end of the town."

"Well, then, I'll tell father, and ask him to go and see your little brother."

"Father's the doctor, and he can cure him, perhaps."

"Thank you, miss, but I'm afraid we haven't money for payment."

"Mother has taken very little the last week, and a grand gentleman would want more than we have."

"Papa isn't a grand gentleman," replied Alice, "and [illegible] mind what he does."

Little Betsy quite approved, but Alice reproved her sister.

[illegible] thankful, miss; [illegible] Mary! mother!" she [illegible] out and stood looking [illegible]

The few passers-by [illegible] the children of the [illegible]

When all had been explained [illegible] man thanked the girls, but she [illegible] that the doctor would come to "the like [illegible]."

"Well, you'll see. He's not poor, and doesn't want money; he's got plenty now, and there are grand things in our house," [illegible] proudly. "Such lovely [illegible]"

"No, no," replied Alice, "don't talk [illegible] evening, and heaven bless you, [illegible]" replied the woman. "Get up, Bob!"

[illegible]

"What was she saying about money, and gold, and silver," inquired a harsh voice from inside the "house."

"Nothing, Jack, nothing particular. Never mind, the doctor is to come to put the darling boy on his pretty legs again, bless him!"

"Ah! a likely story that!" grumbled the man.

"I wish Joe wasn't coming to-night," said the mother in an undertone to her daughter. "He'll put your father alongside of some mischief.

"He's never content now," she sighed; and then added, "Do you think the doctor will come, Betsy?"

"I'm sure the young lady will ask him," she answered. "But perhaps he won't come."

"Here he is," cried the woman. But she sat down again in disappointment. It was only "Long Joe," as he was called, who came upon them in the gloom.

Nobody made way for him to pass, so he leaped upon the top step, and entered the inner chamber, where his friend was smoking.

There we may leave these men to consult, and plan what were to be wicked deeds, and return to the doctor and his daughters.

As soon as he came in, Alice told him about the "house on wheels," and the sick child; ending up with a request that her father would go to the boy.

"Hound on the child! Why, my dear Alice, do you expect me to turn out and trudge up to the moor to-night?"

"Of course you will go, Arthur," said his wife.

"Think of the poor mother's delight if you can assure her of her child's eventual recovery."

"Well, well; I'll go. I must, I suppose," replied the worthy doctor, smiling. "But Alice, my dear, you need not go about promising my services to every tramp in the neighborhood."

"I'll never do it again, father. But the broom girl was so glad, and——"

"Very well, I'm off. I shall not be long," replied the doctor. "Good-night, Alice."

Alice kissed her father, and shut the street door.

Half-past nine struck; then the three-quarters just from the clock on the top of the Market House; then ten strokes warned the town it was time to go to bed, for they were very early folk in Downton.

Quarter past — half-past ten! Eleven! Twelve! and still Mrs Farmer sat up listening for her husband's footstep on the pavement—the firm tread she always could [illegible]

Was anything wrong?

Had he been suddenly called elsewhere? She was not anxious, yet she felt nervously watchful in spite of herself.

She would not go to bed.

One o'clock! A quarter past! No husband.

What could be the matter?

Ah, here he was at last.

Footsteps stopped at the door.

A knock.

That was not her husband; for he always had a key.

Mrs. Farmer hurried down.

A man on the step, a policeman, the policeman, the only one in Downton, was outside.

"Can I speak to you, mum?"

"Certainly. What is it?" exclaimed the doctor's wife, anxiously. "Come in."

"Don't be alarmed, mum, if you can help it; but the doctor——"

"What about Doctor Farmer? Make haste."

"You see, mum, he's been set upon and hurt a little.

"We've took him to the druggist's, and he's quite steady now, mum. He isn't badly hurt."

"Let me go!" cried Mrs. Farmer, "let me go!"

And she was about to hurry away, when the policeman, who acted with much sense, [illegible]

"Don't you stir, mum, please; the doctor will be here in a minute or so. He's coming all right."

In a few moments the doctor made his [illegible]

He was looking pale, and marks of a violent struggle were evident.

But he was not vitally injured.

There was a mark upon his throat, and a bruise on his cheek, but no other outward mischief.

He was, however, very exhausted.

It was as much as they could do to convey him upstairs.

There he was taken the greatest care of, as you may easily imagine.

Mrs. Farmer asked no questions, but the doctor could not rest until he had told her.

She wished him to sleep first; but he related, in a disconnected way, how he had gone up to the heath, and had found the van.

He had seen the child, and found the [illegible] expected, but crossing the lonely road he had been set upon by two men, and robbed of his watch and money, and almost garrotted in the process.

The policeman had found him lying half-insensible in the road, and had brought him to the druggist's.

"And this comes of helping the tramps," thought Mrs. Farmer. "No doubt it was all arranged beforehand."

Next morning the policeman called, and said that the whole of the family were in custody, and when the doctor was well enough to relate the circumstances the men would be charged with the [illegible]

[illegible] and they were discharged that afternoon.

In the evening the doctor was sitting resting in the dining-room, when the servant announced that a "person wished to see him."

"I can see nobody," he replied. "Send to Mr. Nicholl."

Mr. Nicholl was the doctor's assistant.

"She particularly wants you, sir; I don't think it's a matter of medicine. She looks [illegible]"

It suddenly occurred to the doctor that this visit had something to do with his adventure of the evening before, so he said, "show her in."

"Well," said the doctor, "what do you want?"

"You don't know what I suffer," she said.

"I thought the men had gone away after the 'birds.' It's no use disguising it, sir. Here's your watch and chain, and the money they robbed you of.

"Think bad of me if you will; but, doctor, do you think I'd be a party to robbing the man who came to help my child?"

The doctor hesitated, but at length he answered, "No, I [illegible]"

"[illegible] sir," she cried, "I am indeed; and Jack has been led on by bad example.

"Oh, if you only could help him he would be better."

"I cannot interfere," replied the doctor; "I must let justice take its course.

"If he is proved guilty he must abide by the consequences."

This was all the doctor could do, and the men were committed for trial and sent to prison.

The good doctor would not say more than he was obliged to say, but the men were found guilty and sent to penal servitude.

Meanwhile he attended the child, and did all he could for the family of the man who had so ill-treated him.

After a few years he succeeded in obtaining a very good appointment, and just then the "house on wheels" made its reappearance.

The poor boy was then well and strong, the van was still the home of Betsy and her mother, but the white dog had been killed, run over in the street.

Thanks to the doctor's kindness, Jack, the convict, was doing his best to earn a good character in prison.

He heard, when the prison rules admitted his letter, how kind Doctor and Mrs. Farmer had been, and how his child had been cured.

When he first went to prison the man had been very bitter, and very angry against every one; but when he reflected upon the kindness and Christian-like behavior of the doctor, how he had returned good for evil, and had actually saved the life of the child of the man who had nearly taken his life—then Jack, the convict, repented, and determined to do his best.

So the years passed on.

The doctor left Downton, and gave Spot his own puppy, to the woman of the van when he left the town to take up his new appointment.

Poor Spot did not want to leave his master; but the family had a long journey before them, and the dog was left behind.

Meanwhile the doctor had become celebrated, and had again removed—this time to London.

The girls had grown up and had been presented at Court, and went into society.

The doctor's house was in a fashionable quarter, and he was very rich.

One day, as he was about to go out to pay his afternoon round of visits, in the hope of being able to get back in good time for a dinner-party that evening, a man stopped him on the steps and said—

"May I speak with you, sir?—it is most important."

"Certainly," replied the kind-hearted doctor.

"What is it?"

They were standing in the dining-room [illegible]

"There is a deal of plate," muttered the man, as he cast his eyes upon some beautiful things arranged on the sideboard. "You don't remember me, sir?"

"No," answered the doctor.

"I'm a ticket-of-leave man. I helped to rob you once, and I've repented ever since.

"I heard how you behaved to my wife and I made up my mind that if ever the time came I would repay what I owed you, sir."

"Well, well; I'm glad to hear you are grateful.

"You had better find your wife and family and lead an honest life. Emigrate!"

"I'm going to try, sir; I am indeed. But I'm here to warn you first, at risk of my life.

"Three men are going to rob this house to-night. I know it. Now I dare not get assistance.

"Let some be hid here. I pretended to join, because I wished to save you. It's as true as I'm here."

"Thank you," replied the doctor. "Where are you going?"

"Far away from this, you may depend, after to-night. I must come here myself; but tell the police. The entrance will be made through the pantry."

The man hurried away, and the doctor took the hint.

He procured four constables, and posted them in convenient spots in hiding.

About twelve o'clock the guests had all gone, and at two the burglars came, and were all captured.

Jack, the convict, was released at once, and [illegible] to [illegible] service, and [illegible]

Then Jack, quite repentant, started off into the country, to endeavor to find his wife and family.

So Jack walked into Downton, and sat upon the parapet of the bridge, near where he had first seen Alice and her sisters buying [illegible] broom eight years before, brooms [illegible]

"If [illegible] he said to himself, "I don't know where I might have been but for that good Doctor Farmer."

And he sat on the parapet that autumn evening, and just then the van came to a halt at the foot of the hill, and Spot ran out to bark at the stranger.

Betsy and her mother ran out, and a fine young lad of sixteen came to call the dog off.

The fine lad was Tommy; once almost a cripple, but now strong and hearty, thanks to Doctor Farmer.

But before Tommy could say a word, his mother had rushed forward and welcomed her husband with tears of joy and thankfulness.

Spot said no more; he was sure it was all right.

But he knows now how happy the family lived in the "house upon wheels," for some years.

At last Tommy and Betsy went into service at Greyston Hall, where Sir Arthur Farmer was then living, and a famous doctor he had become; while Jack and his wife keep the lodge, and bless the day they first went to Downton and met Alice.

THE TRAIT CURIOSITY.—Probably no feeling has been held up to greater reprobation than that of curiosity. Early tradition is full of allusions to it. The Norse legends tell of the fate of the woman who rashly disturbed the grave of a hero to obtain his sword, and was consumed by the flames that surrounded the enchanted blade. History and real life add their tale of warnings against too great a desire to know "the wherefore of every why." And yet the world would be badly off if no inquisitive people existed in it. Great inventors and discoverers are all, in one sense, full of curiosity. The desire for knowledge which Johnson averred to be common to every human being "who is not depraved," is a form of inquisitiveness. Columbus was intensely curious regarding the unknown world which he believed lay across the unexplored ocean. Curiosity has sent out a long succession of travelers into strange countries; from Marco Polo and Mandeville down to the latest African explorers. Curiosity has given to the world scientific discoveries and valuable inventions. Curiosity regarding the life of previous ages has [illegible] records from oblivion. Apples had fallen for thousands of years, kettles had bubbled for centuries, but it was only when enquiring minds like Sir Isaac Newton's and Watt's observed [illegible] that the principle of gravitation was discovered or the power of steam understood. Socrates was not so mistaken when [illegible] disciples to ask questions, [illegible] as the habit must [illegible] revelation. Their [illegible] questions. We [illegible] certain amount of curiosity nothing would ever be learnt. It was the sight of a book of mathematical diagrams that gave Pascal his first desire to study geometry; the strange figures awoke the [illegible] curiosity, and he became anxious to understand what they represented. Many a similar tale might be related of other geniuses. Curiosity of this [illegible] description becomes an enthusiasm. No obstacle or danger [illegible] deters votaries of art or science from attempting to solve the mysteries of his calling. Many a physician has, like Guyon, of Marseilles, given his life to gain an insight into the dark secrets of disease. Nearly every scientific discovery has been bought, at some period, by a life, worn away by overwork, or [illegible] directly sacrificed through accident or experiment. Deadly climates and unknown perils do not check the ardor of the explorer. Vandervelde, the celebrated sea painter, being in a vessel during a raging storm, caused himself to be tied to a mast that he might study the effects of sea and sky, and kept exclaiming, "Marvellous, sublime," totally oblivious of his danger.

BASE-BALL.—"Then you have been playing base-ball, have you?" said the wife of a city official last evening. "Yes, I guess I have. Gracious! Don't put so much [illegible] ment to one place. You won't have enough to go around [illegible]sers.' What a [illegible] I made [illegible]' "I should think so. I can [illegible] there is enough cloth in the [illegible] those trowsers. Well [illegible] pay for [illegible] I can't help it." And the poor woman after having rubbed liniment in until ten o'clock was obliged to sit until midnight to make the rear elevation of the trowsers presentable.

WORDS OF WISDOM.—Ask no woman her age. Never joke with a policeman. Do not play at chess with a widow. Never contradict a man who stutters. Be civil to rich uncles and aunts. Your oldest hat, of course, for an evening party. Always sit next the carver, if you can, at dinner. Keep your own secrets. Wind up your conduct, like your watch, once every day, minutely examining whether you are fast or slow. Make friends with the steward on board a steamer; there's no knowing how soon you may be in his power.

HATING FIRE.—There is in Brazil a common poisonous snake, the surucucu, respecting which the following facts are related: [illegible] that such is the antipathy of the reptile to fire that they will rush into it, scattering it with their tails till it is extinguished, even becoming half-roasted in the attempt.

Grains of Gold.

Never speak an idle word.

Early and provident fear is the mother of safety.

Faithfulness and sincerity are the highest things.

"Swift to hear, slow to speak," is a good motto.

From the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest height.

It is less painful to learn in youth than to be ignorant in old age.

Gold is, in its last analysis, the sweat of the poor, and the blood of the brave.

What is becoming is honest, and whatever is honest must always be becoming.

Only those faults which we encounter in ourselves are insufferable to us in others.

Challenge the passing hour like guards that keep their solitary watch on tower and steep.

We often pretend to fear what we really despise, and more often despise what we really fear.

Passionate persons are like men who stand upon their heads: they see all things the wrong way.

Those who blow the coals of others' strife may chance to have the sparks fly in their own faces.

Though charity may tend to make your purse lighter one day, yet it will make it heavier another.

Watch for opportunities of usefulness. Every day brings them, and once gone they are gone forever.

If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows like a shadow that never leaves him.

Every man's vanity ought to be his greatest shame, and every man's folly ought to be his greatest secret.

Looking to others for our standard of happiness is a sure way to be miserable. Our business is with our own heart.

I know no real worth but that tranquil firmness which seeks dangers by duty, and braves them without rashness.

If you would find a great many faults be on the lookout, but if you want to find them in unlimited numbers be on the look in.

Deceit is the false road to happiness; and all the joys we travel through to vice, like fairy banquets, vanish when we touch them.

All deception in the course of life is, indeed, nothing else but a lie reduced to practice, and falsehood passing from words into things.

Perseverance is the crown of all the other virtues, and the characteristic of heroes. It is a small thing to begin, we must persevere to the end.

We are taught to clothe our minds, as we do our bodies, after the fashion in vogue, and it is accounted fantastical, or something worse, not to do so.

The sweetest life is to be ever making sacrifices for Christ; the hardest life a man can lead on earth, the most full of misery, is to be always doing his own will and seeking to please himself.

It has always been my observation of human nature, that a man who has any reason to believe in himself never flourishes himself before the faces of other people, in order that they may believe in him.

Health is the bed-plate on which the whole mental machinery must rest and work. If this be cracked, or displaced, all the mechanism that stands on it will be jarred and disturbed, and made ineffective.

Console yourself, dear man and brother, whatever you may be sure of, be sure at least of this, that you are dreadfully like other people. Human nature has a much greater genius for sameness than for originality.

A person who is accustomed to speak with deliberation may sometimes, by a few words spoken at the right moment, overthrow an argument and make far more impression than a multitude of words without thought.

"Why do you attack me?" said a brilliant glow-worm to a vile little insect, as ugly as it was venomous. "Because you shine so brilliantly." This reply is the explanation of a great many likes and dislikes and rancorous feelings.

The greatest loss of time is delay and expectation, which depends upon the future. We let go the present which we have in our power, and look forward to that which depends upon chance—and so relinquish a certainty for an uncertainty.

Such is the power of health that, without its co-operation, every other comfort is torpid and lifeless as the power of vegetation without the sun. And yet this bliss is commonly thrown away in thoughtless negligence, or in foolish experiments on our strength.

Always endeavor to speak to some purpose. It would be well sometimes to ask ourselves if what we are about to say will impart any valuable information, whether the one addressed will receive any profit, whether it is anything worth saying, or whether there is any object to be gained in speaking. Much useless talk will thus be avoided.

The habits that children form may be at first largely, if not entirely, controlled by those who watch over them. Tendencies to certain modes of thought and action are undoubtedly inherent, and constitute the separate individuality of each child, but these may be so encouraged or counteracted as greatly to increase or diminish their power.

Never give way to melancholy. Nothing encroaches more. Fight against it vigorously. One great remedy is to take short views of life. Are you happy now? Are you likely to remain so till this evening, or next month, or next year? Then why destroy present happiness by a distant misery which may never come at all, or you may never live to see?

Femininities.

They have swimming matches for ladies in San Francisco.

Some extravagant belles pay as high as $20 for their stockings.

Stamped gold-figured stockings imitate the gold-embroidered ones.

Often the virtue of a woman must be great, since it has to suffice for two.

Monroe, Ga., has had a wedding in which the bride was but 12 years old.

In love women go to the length of folly, and men to the extreme of silliness.

A Bridgeport doctor is trying to cure a woman of the queer habit of eating Castile soap.

Wildness is a thing which girls cannot afford; dullness a thing which they cannot lose or find.

A North Alabama woman claims to have cured herself of cancer by the constant use of clover tea.

About half the fashion plates sent out from Paris are colored at the prisons by female convicts.

If a lady gives a gentleman "the mitten," the proceeding may be called a sleight-of-hand performance.

The dark grave, which knows all secrets, can alone reclaim the fatal doubt once cast on a woman's name.

The majority of women are little touched by friendship, for it is insipid when they have once tasted of love.

An eccentric fancy in hosiery is the stocking of green silk with a peacock's feather of tinted gold on the instep.

The Countess Marsoscoushsowsnoff, who is now in England, is the despair of footmen, who try in vain to pronounce her name.

The young woman who sneeringly remarks that men are all alike generally, shows her sincerity by taking the first man that offers himself to her.

The idea of teaching every girl to thump a piano, and every boy to be a book-keeper, will make potatoes worth four dollars per bushel in twenty years.

A woman at Elizabeth, N. J., has five thousand recipes for making horse liniments and salves, and yet she never owned even a clothes horse.

From selfishness men make severer laws for women than for themselves, without suspecting that by doing so they raise them above themselves.

One of the most beautiful women of New Orleans is now in an Indiana insane asylum. Her insanity, it is said was caused by the use of enamel on her face.

If the Chicago papers' statistics can be relied upon, nine Chicago women out of every ten, in stepping from a street car, steady themselves with the wrong hand.

A brute of a bachelor, on being informed that "marriages are made in heaven," said he wished that a prohibitive duty had prevented their export from the place of their manufacture.

"To the handsomest woman in town," was the address on a valentine received at the Conway postoffice. The female population of the town numbers about 200, and there were just 199 who called for the missive.

"Did you like the sermon?" inquired one lady of another who attended a certain church last Sunday for the first time. "The sermon?—oh, I suppose so, but there wasn't a decent bonnet in the whole congregation."

A photographer says that at eighteen a girl will sit twelve times for a photograph, and then be dissatisfied. At forty the same person will sit once and take the picture, even if the artist points out three or four defects.

A Vermont young lady recently made the acquaintance of a young man, on the way to Saratoga, who succeeded in obtaining possession of her baggage check by volunteering to look out for it. Man and baggage have both disappeared.

Mrs. Jago says that she is glad to learn that "language is used to conceal thoughts." She says she never could believe that the dreadful language Mr. Jago used, when she dropped a stove lid on his toe, expressed the true sentiments of his inner soul.

"Father, did you ever marry another wife but mother?" "No, my boy, what possessed you to ask such a question?" "Because I saw in the old family Bible that you married Anno Domini in 1853, and that isn't mother, for her name was Sallie Smith."

"Suppose we pass a law," said a severe father to his daughters, "that no girl eighteen years old who can't cook a good meal shall get married until she learns how to do it?" "Why, then, we'd all get married at seventeen," responded the girls in sweet chorus.

A Springfield cigar dealer went off to dinner the other day, and left his inexperienced daughter to tend the store. On his return he found that she had sold about 800 cigars, which enormous sale she explained by saying that she asked a cent apiece for them, as they were about the size of a stick of candy.

The Count de X., possessing an immense fortune, becomes smitten with a young girl who has no marriage portion. Yielding to the solicitations of his family, he tries to cure himself of his fascination. He makes several voyages, with a view to forget his idol, but without success. "At last," exclaimed he, "I must marry her if I wish to stop loving her."

A Kansas woman heard that her neighbor had said she was weak in will, and exercised no discipline over her children, but let them do as they chose in a most disgraceful fashion. And she immediately called to her boy from the back yard and walloped him, and his yells could be heard half a mile. She proposed to let her neighbors see what a falsifier the other woman was.

News Notes.

St. Louis barbers will have a shaving match.

India has nearly 20,000,000 acres of land sown to wheat.

A case of surgical instruments was recently found at Pompeii.

The city of Alexandria, before its bombardment, had 300,000 inhabitants.

Guiteau's body has been reduced to a skeleton at the Medical Museum in Washington.

The Czar will make his eleventh attempt to assume the crown of Russia in about a month.

During last year dogs in Lycoming county, this State, killed sheep with an aggregate value of $167.50.

The worms, which are abundant in Lyons county, Ky., are being destroyed by myriads of small red ants.

Cattle valued at $13,500,000 are calmly grazing in what was six years ago absolutely an Indian country.

One hundred acres of potatoes brought a Sumner county, Tenn., farmer $10,000. He has planted a second crop.

Plumpness, milky whiteness of complexion, puffy eyelids, and swollen skin, mark emphatically the arsenic eater.

A local dinner to four at $30 per plate, exclusive of wines, is exciting the astonishment and admiration of Bostonians.

A juvenile glutton at Ashley Falls, Mass., recently sucked 26 eggs on a wager, and wanted to suck a dozen more for a dollar.

In Cumberland county recently a farmer attempted to drive a bull out of his barnyard, but the savage brute gored him to death.

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln's wedding ring was placed on her finger after death. It is inscribed, "A. L. to Mary, Nov. 4th, 1842. Love is eternal."

All the stars and insignia of the decorations bestowed on Napoleon III. by other sovereigns are about to be sold among the French crown jewels.

The "booming" towns of Dakota hire drummers to travel on the trains east of Fargo and talk to emigrants about the advantages of settling near them.

A cloud of flies so swarmed about the steeple of a church in Detroit the other day, as to produce the appearance of smoke, and the fire-engines were called out.

Ninety-three thousand acres have been planted under the new Arboricultural Act in Kansas. Preference is given to the cotton tree on account of its rapid growth.

San Jose, Cal., has just put up a Brush light on a mast two hundred feet high, made of gas pipe, and is now able to do without one-third of its street gas lamps.

The immense territory of New Mexico, embracing 121,000 square miles, has a population of 100,000, of whom 30,000 are Mexicans, 35,000 Indians, and 25,000 Americans.

The number of horses at present in the country is about 12,000,000, of which 1,100,000 are owned in Illinois, which has the most of any State, and 1,032,000 in Texas.

A New York physician condemns the use of dotted veils ladies are wearing, and reports several cases of permanently injured eyes that have been caused by this fashion.

A line of wire fence two hundred miles long is being constructed from the Indian Territory west across the Texas Panhandle, and thirty-five miles into New Mexico.

John Bright says he knows of but one war since the days of William the Conqueror that was justifiable, and that was the war for the preservation of the American Union.

Of four Erie doctors who, many years ago, fixed the doom of Capt. John H. Welsh to take place within 24 hours of their consultation, he has attended the burial of three.

A county superintendent of instruction in Indiana has been caught selling advance copies of the questions prepared monthly for the examination of the teachers by the State Board.

John Babcock is under arrest at Norwich, Connecticut, for destroying the stone that marked his daughter's grave. The marble had been put in place by the dead girl's betrothed, and Babcock had forbidden it.

An Englishmon sent a young girl a New Year's card with these words upon it: "Golden sunshine will be yours at last." A jury just compelled him to pay $5,000 for breach of promise, and the prophecy is fulfilled.

During a fire last week a brave New York policeman saved the lives of eight children. He forced his way into the burning building, stood on a window-sill, and caught the little ones as they were dropped from above.

Hugh McCann, a laboring man of Albany, has been in the habit of sleeping with his right arm under him. Tuesday morning he awoke and discovered that that arm was paralyzed, and a surgeon tells him that it is doubtful if he ever regains the use of it.

The Rev. Wm. T. Ellis, of St. Louis, was fined $6 in a police court. But it was not for an offense which affected his standing as a clergyman. He had insisted on picking over a barrel of decayed potatoes in front of his house, to the discomfort of his neighbors.

Four Altoona young men lately went out horseback riding with four young ladies. One of the latter was thrown from her horse. Another dismounted to assist her, but suddenly fainted. A few minutes later the horse of one of the young gentlemen ran away. The party returned home.

A Western agriculturist recommends a new way of preserving fruit. It is this: Stuff the skin of a cat until it looks like life, then set it on the limb of a cherry tree, or in some natural position on the strawberry bed; if the position is changed every day it will effectually frighten away the birds.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** will afford instant ease.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Chills, Ague Chills, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Bruises, Cramps, Colds, Sprains, Pains in the Chest, Back or Limbs, are instantly relieved.

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There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other Fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, **Summer Complaints**, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain.

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The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

WHETHER SEATED IN THE

Lungs, Stomach, Skin, Bones, Flesh or Nerves,

CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, The Dolorous, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

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Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

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☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

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Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List.

Two Adventures.

BY A. O. O.

NEARLY four years ago, I was in the habit, during my school holidays, of spending a long time at certain intervals with my grandfather, who was an eminent surgeon living in a small town in Suffolk.

I was a great favorite of his, and consequently began to look on his house as a sort of second home.

One day, I regret to say the old gentleman whilst going his rounds caught a severe cold, which confined him to bed, but from which he anticipated nothing serious.

Unfortunately, however, to our great sorrow, his illness proved more serious than at first expected, and in a few days the poor old gentleman was no more.

I went from home with my parents, a distance of thirty-two miles, to attend the funeral.

The distance in those days being too great to admit of our returning the same day, we were compelled to stay the night after the funeral at the house.

As the space in the house was rather limited, I was asked if I should be afraid to sleep in the bed in which my grandfather died; an idea which I indignantly repudiated.

It was forthwith arranged that I should pass the night in that room.

In justice to those who suggested the idea of my being afraid, I ought to say that that part of Suffolk was intensely superstitious, and that, considering I was only a boy of fourteen, my consenting to sleep in the room was, under the circumstances, somewhat courageous.

I retired to rest at the usual time, no doubt with my thoughts full of stories I had heard or read about ghosts and ghostly visitants.

I turned my attention to the bed on which I was to spend the ensuing hours, as fondly hoped, in sweet oblivion.

It was a huge old-fashioned four-poster, with heavy curtains hung on rings, which rattled with every movement of the bed, and was, at the time of which I am writing, a highly aristocratic bedstead; but considering all the attendant circumstances, its funereal appearance was not calculated to inspire my youthful breast with any but the most dismal sensations.

I undressed and got into bed, devoutly hoping that my slumbers might not be disturbed by the appearance of any spiritual visitor.

The curtains near the head of the bedstead being partially drawn, by turning my head in either direction, my gaze rested on them.

At that time, there was nothing equivalent to our modern night-lights, and save for the reflection of the fire in the grate, my room was in darkness.

These curtains seemed, to my already half-terrified fancies, to be hiding-places for any number of ghosts, all ready to confront me, the moment I should be rash enough to throw off my earthly cares and commit myself to the arms of Morpheus. However, I at last fell asleep.

My repose was of a troubled nature.

I fancied I heard strange noises in the room, but at any rate I awoke after being asleep a short time—I suppose about two or three o'clock in the morning, fancying I heard the curtain rings rattling.

I thought it must be my agitated state of mind which caused this idea.

Imagine, then, my horror and fright when I saw, by the faint glimmer of the now expiring fire, that the curtain on one side of the bed was being forcibly jerked aside by some unseen hand.

I trembled from head to foot, and cowered beneath the blankets, expecting I hardly knew what.

Again and again did this unseen hand jerk the curtain.

It could not have been a trick of the imagination.

I was unable to cry out even if I had been inclined to do so.

At last, after having given about half-a-dozen angry jerks, ineffectually as regards pulling the curtain aside, I was left to enjoy such rest as I could reasonably expect to get before morning.

Never was daylight more eagerly welcomed by anybody than it was by me that morning.

With the earliest dawn I sprang out of bed—feeling braver than I had done a few hours before—and proceeded first to dress, and then to examine my room, in order to ascertain if possible by what means my ghostly visitor had made his entrance and exit.

The door, being hidden from my view when in bed by the curtain, presented itself as the most probable means.

I examined it as well as my agitated state of mind would permit.

Nothing, however, appeared to show any signs of my visitor's entrance.

It was securely locked, as I left it the night before; and there was no sliding panel or anything of the sort which could have admitted anybody.

I then turned towards the window; but that too was fastened; and I confess I gave the affair up as incomprehensible.

I went downstairs more thoroughly impressed with regard to eerie visitants than I remember ever to have been before.

My preoccupied air, for I was debating whether or not to mention my adventure—attracted attention, and drew forth many questions, to all of which I replied with very guarded answers.

At last I told the whole story, adding that I had never believed in ghosts before, and should like to find out the truth of this one.

My story seemed to them incredible.

But at last, in spite of the solemn proceedings we had witnessed the day before, a smile stole over the face of my grandmother.

It was quickly suppressed, and she said: "I think I can explain the mystery, young gentleman; let us come and try."

We all followed the old lady upstairs into the room where I had passed the night.

She went to the side of the bed and pointed to the curtain rings.

We then saw the explanation of the whole matter, which was as follows:

My grandfather was, as I have said, very celebrated in his day, and consequently had a large practice.

His night-bell, in order not to disturb the other inmates of the house, was hung in his room by his side.

When the old gentleman was taken ill, absolute silence was enjoined.

This bell, therefore, was taken down, and the wire fastened to the curtain rings.

On the night in question, some young men, strangers in the place, and consequently ignorant of my grandfather's illness and death, were going home rather noisily at the somewhat early hour at which my adventure took place.

Being bent on mischief, they commenced pulling the night-bell handle, in order, as they no doubt observed, "to rouse the old gentleman."

Every pull, therefore, gave a corresponding tug at the curtains;—hence my terror and fright in thinking that some unearthly visitor was in my room, trying to pull them aside.

My mind was set completely at rest by this simple explanation; and I went home that day fully convinced that there is a reason to be found, if one will only try, for the specious ghost stories which foolish people constantly publish for the benefit of the ignorant and credulous.

My other adventure, which happened some years before the one I have just related, was not of so startling a nature.

At the same time, it was calculated, young as I was, to cause me a considerable amount of uneasiness.

I was staying at the same house during my grandfather's lifetime.

Being a mere child, I was of course not permitted to stay up late by my worthy grandmother, who used to send me to bed about seven o'clock.

One night I had gone to bed in the room I usually occupied; and on awaking in the morning, I found that everything in the room had changed!

I could not account for it.

I was not a sleep-walker; but here I was ensconced in another bed, with my clothes neatly folded up at the foot.

I tried to run over the events of the preceding day; but though I remembered everything that had occurred, I could think of nothing which might account for this extraordinary metamorphosis.

When the time came for getting up—which I knew by hearing the old clock on the stairs—I rose and dressed.

On going out of my room, I perceived that I had been removed during my sleep.

I was quite at a loss to understand how.

However, the mystery was soon explained.

After I had gone to bed, an old friend of my grandfather's had arrived unexpectedly with his wife.

They had calculated on stopping the night, and the only room available for the worthy couple was that in which I was asleep.

After much deliberation, it was arranged that I should be turned out, to make room for them.

On going to my room to awake me, I was found fast asleep.

My grandmother, a kindly old dame, proposed removing me, if possible, without awaking me, which was, as she said, a pity.

Forgetful, therefore, of the probable consequences, the old lady took me in her arms, and deposited me safely in the bed in which I found myself in the morning.

Although this was done with the best intentions, yet it was, I think, a rash proceeding, as the results in the case of a sensitive child might have been serious.

I think that these two adventures serve to show that however improbable an event may be at the time, there is generally an explanation to be found for it, without ignorantly and foolishly attributing it to supernatural agency.

I consider that the present mania for so doing is calculated to do an immense amount of harm, especially to the young and ignorant.

FLOWERS AND SUPERSTITIONS.—The necessity of gathering certain plants before sunrise, as in the case of the St. John's-wort, or in the gathering of May-day garlands, seems to go back as far as the days of Pliny, who mentions that some flowers, as the lily of the valley, had to be gathered in secrecy, and therefore before daybreak, to insure their efficacy. It is perhaps no loss that the purpose for which the wizard-world employed these flowers have passed into oblivion; but it is probable that without some such knowledge the explanation of the names or superstitions attached to many of our plants must remain impossible. Poppies are said to have once been offered to the dead to appease their manes, which may account for their surviving as a funeral flower, in spite of their brightness of color.

A FRENCH newspaper says that married people in Swedon have more fights than anywhere else on earth.

The Father Outwitted.

Y W. H. C.

SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE, who flourished in the last half of the seventeenth century, was one of the most eminent jurists ever known in Scotland, besides being a brilliant man of letters.

He inherited wealth, and during his busy life he added to it so much that he became one of the wealthiest men of his time.

As a politician he was self-wiled and stubborn; and, at times, violent.

Between himself and the young Earl of Bute a strong political difference existed, which neither showed a disposition to harmonize.

Yet the Earl had fallen deeply in love with Sir George's daughter, and the love was by her returned.

The lovers knew that the stern old advocate would not consent to their union.

In fact, it it is doubtful if Sir George would have admitted Bute to his house as a friend.

His feelings were deep and bitter; and he had been heard to denounce the Earl as little better than a renegade.

The lovers put their heads together, and consulted.

They were eager to be made man and wife.

Of course, the young lady could elope, and be married clandestinely; and the father could not help himself; but, ah! he could disinherit his recreant daughter; and that must not be.

The young Earl was not mercenary.

The damsel's prospective wealth, as heiress of her rich father, had given her not a particle of extra attraction for him.

Yet he did not like the idea of having his wife deprived of her just inheritance; and, naturally, he did not care to lose such a broad and grand estate—for this daughter was an only child.

At length the Earl hit upon a plan, and resolved to act upon it.

He visited Sir George in his chambers, while the latter held the office of King's Advocate, and appealed to him for assistance.

Now, as man to man, in matters of business, or in any way not involving brotherly love, Sir George held the young Earl in high esteem; and there was no man of his acquaintance whom he would have more readily assisted legally.

Furthermore, the advocate had not the remotest idea that Bute either loved his daughter or that he was familiar with her.

"Sir George," said the Earl, when he was ready to open his business, "there is a young lady in this city whom I dearly and devotedly love; and she has confessed her love for me.

"Her father is wealthy. Now, sir, I care not for the lady's money; yet it would not be pleasant to have her father disinherit her.

"From this you can judge that the father is opposed to our union.

"At all events, we fear that such is the case.

"Now, my dear Sir George, I know that you would not hesitate to avouch for any worthiness."

The old man nodded assent very pleasantly.

"And, sir, I think you would be willing to exert your influence in my behalf, if I should marry the lady clandestinely.

"Your influence would be effectual, I am sure."

And so the Earl went until he had brought Sir George not only to promise his assistance towards preventing a disinheritance, but so far had the keen old lawyer entered into the spirit of the thing, that he advised the Earl, by all means, to go ahead.

"Why," he exclaimed, forcibly, "the man must be blind, or a fool, who would reject such an alliance for his daughter—one of the oldest names in the realm,; a fair share of wealth, and a coronet.

"Go ahead, my lord, and I will sustain you, if I can."

And the Earl went ahead.

That very evening he arranged with the lady, and on the following day they were privately married.

In the evening Sir George missed his daughter.

He had just inquired for her, when a door was opened, and she and the Earl of Bute entered, hand in hand, and advanced straight to his chair, and went down on their knees.

Not a word of explanation was needed. The old advocate caught his breath; changed from a death-like paleness to a furious flush half a dozen times; and, finally, gave in.

"Sir George, henceforth I shall take pleasure in sustaining my wife's father," said the Earl.

A hot response were upon the parent's lips, but he swallowed it; and, gradually, a sense of the absurdity of the situation possessed him; and anon, he burst into a hearty laugh; and the erring children were forgiven.

WE are apt to think that Africa is only a desert and wilderness, but it is much more thickly inhabited than America. Authorities which set the population of the latter at 84,545,000 give the former 203,300,000. In the Soudan the population is rated at 80,000,000, one town on the Niger containing 90,000 inhabitants. East Africa is rated at 30,000,000, and equatorial Africa is rated at 40,000,000 souls. It is estimated that the negro race number 130,000,000. Many of the tribes are above the condition of savages, having fixed habitations, though merely mud huts, defended by stockades.

New Publications.

"Hints and Remedies for the Treatment of Common Accidents and Diseases. And Rules of Simple Hygiene," by Dr. Dawson W. Turner. Revised, corrected, and enlaged by twelve eminent medical men belonging to different London hospitals. This book has received the highest commendations abroad for its general simplicity and usefulnes. The *Hospital Gazette* says of it that the fact that it is now in its eighth edition, and that it has been translated into five different languages, will sufficiently show how this little work is appreciated. Price in paper covers, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cents. MacMillan & Co., New York. For sale by Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

"The Annals of a Baby," by Sarah Bridges Stebbins, just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, is one of the brightest and best books of the day, full of exquisite humor and telling pathos. Poetic in the highest degree, it depicts in glowing tints a series of home scenes, in which, of course, the Baby is the central figure. These scenes, and the various characters taking part in them, are so natural and so felictously drawn that the reader cannot resist the fascination they exert, and this holds sway until the last. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Publishers, Philadelphia. Price, $1.00.

NEW MUSIC.

Music teachers are happy because they have just learned that there is a set of beautiful instrumental pieces published, called the Little Playmates, by Charlie Baker, the popular American composer, all arranged carefully for beginners on the pinno or organ. It has always been a very hard matter for teachers to select music easy enough for beginners, at the same time pretty in melody. This set contains twelve different pieces, as follows: Little Playmates, reverie, Waltz, Schottiche, Redowa, March, Polka, Quadrille, Varsovienne, Mazourka, Galop, Overture, and Polka Mazourka. Price, 25 cents each, or as a first order to let those parties who have not yet seen them to have an opportunity to examine, they will send all twelve pieces of the "Little Playmates" upon receipt of $1.00 in cash or postage stamps. Address all orders to F. W. Helmick, 180 Elm street, Cincinnati, O.

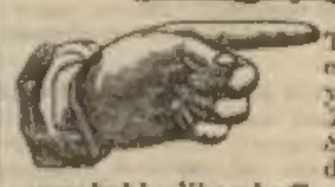
MAGAZINES.

The *Sanitarian* for August contains: Aid to Common Schools—The Status of Education in the United States, Influence of Woman on Village Adornment, Tree Preservation, American Medical Association Proceedings, Vaccine Virus; Statistics of Suicide, Expert Testimony, Rights of the Insane; National Association for Sanitary and Rural Improvement, and other valuable and interesting articles. A. N. Bell, Publisher, New York.

EATING HIS WORDS.—In Russia, the authorities have a very effective way of punishing editors or pamphleteers for libeling their fellow men or the officers of the Government. At Novgorod, not long ago, a certain editor and publisher, who issued a newspaper—not at stated intervals, but whenever he had gathered news enough to be worth the telling, and who also published books and pamphlets, had been accused of having published a libel. He was brought to trial, and the libel proved, a libel of the most scurrilous kind; it had been a libel upon individuals, and also upon an arm of the Government—the police.

The culprit was sentenced—to eat his own words! He was taken in charge by the public executioner; by him conveyed to the great market-place, where a platform was permanently erected for public use; he was led upon this platform, his crime and the sentence of the court read; after which the strange sentence was carried into execution. It was a pamphlet which he had published. The book was there separated into single leaves, the white margins of which were trimmed off; then the printed pages made up into compact balls, or pellets, and the libeller forced to eat them! As many as he could chew up at a time were put into his mouth, and these he must masticate and swallow as expeditiously as possible. A man stood by with a bastinado, ready to give him therewith a gentle reminder should he lag in his feast. But the punishment was not carried to a dangerous point. An experienced physician was in attendance, whose duty it was to stop the repast when, in his judgment, the culprit had swallowed as much of the paper as he could endure without permanent injury.

A VERNON (Conn.) schoolgirl has mowed an acre of grass.



THOSE of our readers who have not yet sent for a cake of *The Frank Siddalls Soap* had better do so before the remarkably liberal offer is withdrawn. The Frank Siddalls Soap is destined to have an immense sale, and as we understand it is in contemplation to establish agencies for its sale all over the United States, our readers who desire to aid in the introduction of what is one of the most remarkable inventions of modern science, would do well to avail themselves of the offer. Persons must not send for more than one cake, and when sending for a cake must not send for any of their friends, the rule being that the one who wants the Soap sends for it.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From.

Ossian, Ind., July 19, 82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

M. H.

Leesburgh, Kans., July 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

G. G.

Secor, Ill., July 24, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

H. S.

Barry, Mo, July 21, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

J. T. D.

Neosho, Mo., July 21, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

J. M. L.

Alford, Pa., July 25, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

F. T.

Columbiaville, Mich, June 21, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

F. S. M.

Belvidere, Pa., July 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

W. F. S.

East Smithfield, Pa., July 24, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

M. M. W.

Condersport, Pa., July 23, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

W. M. S.

Mount Pleasant, July 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

G. L.

Chehalis, Wash. Ter., June 28, '82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

A. M.

Pearsal, Tex., June 19, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

U. S. F.

Chattanooga, June 27, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

W. E. R.

Verndale, Minn., June 23, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

F. E. B.

Jamestown, Ind., June 24, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

I. F. D.

Peconic, La., June 18, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

O. G. P.

Berlinton, Ind., June 22, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

O. W. B.

CAUGHT-SHIP.

Ben Bobstay was a sailor true,
And to his galley sighed,
"I'd run most any ris-skiff you
Will be my tender bride!
For you're the galliot to get,
So now em-bark with me,
And float, in sunshine or in wet,
On the canoe-bial sea!
You've stole my yacht! you are my yawl,
I war-ship you divine;
Come, let us cutter away! I call,
Oh, love, I collier mine!"
"Nay," spake the craft-ty maid, "you men
Are wherry nice before
You wed, but ever raft-er then
You're each a man-of-war!
You'll whaler wife, and slaver too;
She'll lugger hod of coal
While you will lighter pipe or two
And on the sofa loll!
You clipper wings so she can't fly,
You treat her barge, you know;
You ne'er co-steamer, and—oh, my!
Just think corvette. No! no!"
Ben was no jolly-boat to see;
His transport all was flown.
"Love vessel little thing," groaned he,
"To wreck—I might have known.
Oh, gall"—con-ly said, "good night!
This smack kill me, and my
Grim coaster 'll and, all in white,
Will launch you till I die."

—MARK LEWIS.

Humorous.

Wretches have wings—hence we hear occasionally of flying criminals.

"Do you enjoy good health, Zachary?" "Certainly. Who doesn't?"

When is a crow absolutely inexcusable? When it's a raven without cawse.

Why is a drawn tooth like a thing forgotten? Because it's out of the head.

The higher the words which people use in a quarrel, the lower their language.

Brown is after a divorce from his wife; he wants to be untied because she is untidy.

Why are farmers like fowls? Because neither will get full crops without industry.

When an old actress is painting her face to look young, she is making up for lost time.

Why is a locomotive like beefsteak? Because it's good for nothing without it's tender.

A man walking carelessly along the sidewalk, fell down a coal-hole; he was picked up coaled.

In what is called society it is not so much what people think as what they wear that is important.

"I love the summer," said the boarding-school girl, when she eloped with her arithmetic teacher.

What is that which lives in winter, dies in summer, and always grows with its root upward? An icycle.

Brown says that patients do more for doctors than doctors can do for patients. The patients enable the doctors to live.

A woman who waits for her husband to return from the lodge has an object in view, and more than likely another in hand.

Now is the time when the dog sits on the stump of his tail and grins at his owner for paying a license to let him run unmuzzled.

It isn't that a man means to lie about snakes, but when one two feet long comes at him, it looks as big as a fire-engine hose.

What is the difference between a tube and a foolish Dutchman? One is a hollow cylinder, and the other is a silly Hollander.

A disappointed young man says he just wishes he was a rumor, because a rumor soon gains currency, which he has never been able to do.

A boat race is projected between a crew of dentists and barbers. The former are more accustomed to pulling, and the latter to handling sculls.

What is the difference between an old tramp and a feather bed? There is a material difference. One is always hard up, while the other is soft down.

When a father chastises an unruly son with a stout switch, he thinks he has done a smart thing. P. S.—The boy, as he rubs the sore place, thinks so too."

"What have you been doing since I last saw you?" "I've been attending a course of free lectures." "A course of free lectures?" "Yes, I was married a week after we parted."

A schoolmaster had great difficulty in making a boy understand his lesson. Finally he succeeded, and remarked, "If it wasn't for me you would be the biggest donkey in the town."

When you read of the shady groves and the sylvan dells, and hidden waterfalls, and cool forests, don't get anxious. Let a dozen mosquitoes hop on to you and you'll feel as if you were there.

Skinny Men.—"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1.

A Scotch professor once said to his class, "It may be expedient at some time to take a bull by the horns, young gentlemen, but it is always well to keep in mind the fact that the horns belong to the bull."

"Buchupaiba."—Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases $1. at Druggists.

"I'd have you to know that my uncle was a bannister of the law." "A fig for your bannister!" retorted Mrs. Partington, turning up her nose; "haven't I cousin what is a corridor in the U. S navy?"

"Rough on Rats."—Ask druggists for it. Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, skunks. 15 cts.

A dandy once ordered a pair of pantaloons to sit exceedingly close, and as the tailor was going, said after him, "Remember, now, they must be perfectly tight. If I can get into them, I shan't take them."

It takes a clever man to conceal from others what he doesn't know.

A Noted Woman.

The item in regard to the failure of "Yours for health, Lydia E. Pinkham," of Lynn, Mass., which has been floating through the papers, we are glad to learn is false in every respect, as we found on inquiring at Hubbard's International Newspaper Agency of this city. The Lynn "Item" said a few days since: "The Lydia Pinkham Compound business is not financially embarrassed, as reported, but is being conducted on a much larger scale than ever, doing a large and growing business, and paying one hundred cents on a dollar." Mr. Hubbard has whole charge of the advertising of this and other similar large houses, and informs us that he has inserted her advertisements on yearly contracts in over 8,000 newspapers last year, so that she is to-day the best known woman in America. In addition to this fact she is a live, earnest woman over sixty, and doing a great deal of good in the world, as many of the best families in this city can testify. Her advertisements, though worded plainly, are not equivocal in any sense, and her remedy is one of the few of great merit before the public.—New Haven Sunday Register.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 24 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver, 823 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

☞When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

WANTED!

Canvassing Agents can make more money selling the NEW and BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED edition of

Uncle Tom's Cabin

This edition has just been issued, and contains 393 pages, and 100 spirited illustrations.

Sold only by Subscription

WE Do not sell this edition to Booksellers.
Will outsell every other book.
For terms, address

WM. D. ALLEN & CO.,
121 South Seventh St.,
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AGENTS WANTED

A HARVEST FOR AGENTS.
Choice Oleograph of Garfield Family on receipt of **50 cents.** Do not fail to order. Also 5½x12½ Oleograph 13 for 20cts. National Chromo Co., 922 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Ag'ts Wanted Sells Rapidly. Pattie T'rs free **C4S. 50** S. M. Spencer, 12 Wash'n St. Boston, Mass.

AGENTS Can now grasp a fortune; sent worth $10 free. RIDEOUT, & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

A VALUABLE BOOK FREE!

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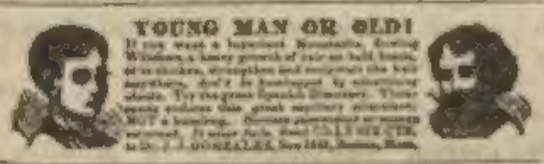
Send for this book to the undersigned, a physician of large experience, endorsed by hundreds of leading citizens who testify to his skill. Send stamp to pay postage to

C. E. LIVINGSTON, M. D., Toledo, Ohio.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING
Presses and outfits from $3 to $300. Over 2,000 styles of type. Catalogue and reduced price list free.
H. HOOVER, Phila., Pa.



Visiting Cards 30 Chromos Latest Designs, no two alike 10c. 13 pks. $1., or 26 large chromos 10c. Elegant premiums given. Illustrated list with each order. Album of samples 25cts. E. D. Gilbert, P. M., Higganum, Conn.

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21 and 23 S. Sixth St., Phila., Pa.

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40 CARDS, All Chromo, Glass & Motto, in case, name in Gold & Jet, 10c. WEST & CO., Westville, Ct.

50 LARGE all new Chromo Cards for 1883 with name 10c. Try me. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, N. Y.

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27 Stops, 10 Sets Reeds, $109.75

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The Public is requested carefully to notice the new and enlarged Scheme to be drawn Monthly.

☞CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000...☜
Tickets only $5. Shares in proportion.

L.S.L.
Louisiana State Lottery Company.

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of $350,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place Monthly.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. NINTH GRAND DRAWING, CLASS I, AT NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, **September 12, 1882.**—148th Monthly Drawing.

Look at the following Scheme, under the exclusive supervision and management of **General G. T. BEAUREGARD, of La., and General JUBAL A. EARLY, of Va.,** who manage all the drawings of this Company, both **ordinary** and **semi-annual,** and attest the correctness of the published official Lists.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000.
100,000 Tickets at $5 Each. Fractions, in Fifths in proportion.

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1	CAPITAL PRIZE		$75,000
1	do	do	25,000
1	do	do	10,000
2	PRIZES OF	$5,000	10,000
5	do	2,000	10,000
10	do	1,000	10,000
20	do	500	10,000
100	do	200	20,000
200	do	100	20,000
500	do	50	25,000
1000	do	25	25,000
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9	Approximation Prizes of	$750	6,750
9	do	do 500	4,500
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For further information write clearly, giving full address. Send orders by Express, Registered Letter or Money Order, address only to

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607 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

N. B.—Orders addressed to New Orleans will receive prompt attention.

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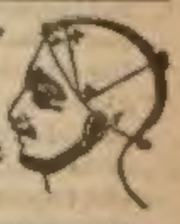

Inventor of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

OPIUM HABIT EASILY CURED with DOUBLE CHLORIDE of GOLD.
Essay Free. *The Morphine User;* 200 pp. $1.00. LESLIE E. KEELEY, M. D., DWIGHT, ILL.

Microscopic Watch Charms 10c. each, or 80c. a dozen by mail. Contain actresses, views, etc. Circulars free. H. N. SULLIMAN, Nevada, Iowa.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE summer costumes are decidedly pretty this season, especially those of washing materials, they being made in a simple, graceful style eminently suited to their texture and general character.

For those kind of dresses sateen is the leading material, either plain or figured, or both combined, the toilettes having, if well made, an extremely dressy appearance, as will be seen from the following toilette of plain cream, and pompadour pink flowers in a small pattern sateen with a cream background.

The skirt is of plain sateen, edged with a narrow pleating, above which it is covered with frilled flounces edged with cream lace.

The polonaise has the skirt turned up to form paniers, and is made of the pompadour sateen edged with lace, open in front to a little below the waist over a puffed chemisette and plastron of plain cream sateen, the neck and sleeves being elaborately trimmed with cream lace.

A lovely Gainsborough hat of Italian straw completes this costume, lined with puffed cream plush and trimmed with cream feathers and pink roses; the sunshade is cream covered with lace and lined with pink sateen.

As a rule, if a sateen dress is made with a polonaise, figured and plain materials are used; for plain sateen alone, bodices and tunics with a waistband are generally preferred, the bodices made with a square plain yoke, but generally full and gathered into the waist.

Some very pretty dresses are made however with a polonaise or corsage, with a shawl collar open nearly to the waist and filled in with a bouillonne or gauged chemisette.

The skirts are either covered with gauged flounces trimmed or not with lace, or a pleated skirt.

A pretty pale-pink sateen dress has a pleated skirt the corsage being quite plain and fastening behind, but gauged to fit the shoulders.

A wide scarf is gauged up the centre and again where it ties to form the back drapery thus making a kind of tunic-paniers; the lower edge of the scarf and the ends are trimmed with wide frilled lace, as also are the neck and elbow sleeves.

The same styles are in use for zephyr and cotton dresses either chequered or plain, though they are made on the whole more simply so as to stand repeated washings, for these are worn as morning dresses, as walking dresses, or for any occasion when a pretty, fresh, and durable dress is required. This is one drawback to zephyr dresses if of pale plain colors; they always look fresh it is true, and are very inexpensive in the first place, but they more than pay themselves in one season's washing.

Toilettes for morning walks and what we may call rough wear are, like those of last season, made of fine cloth or woolen. The skirt is often kilted, either simply secured by tapes or mounted on an underskirt of sateen, silk, or percale matching the color of the dress, edged with very narrow flounces of alternate surah and woolen.

This last method is preferred because it is considered that the plain kilting makes the feet look large, and opens with every movement of the foot.

If the skirt be made of fawn-colored cloth, chequered with brick-color and blue, the underskirt would be edged with a narrow pleating of navy-blue surah, above being a narrow box-pleated flounce of the cloth, the third flounce would be brick-color and the fourth blue, above all being a wide bias band of the cloth lest the kilted skirt should by chance show the percale; this precaution is of course unnecessary with an underskirt of the same colored silk.

The kilted skirt should fall quite freely, not attached below to the skirt in any way.

The kilted skirts are pleated into the waist back and front, but for stout ladies the pleats cease below the hips, where plain material is substituted, hidden beneath the paniers.

There is one great change in these dresses from those of last year—paniers, or a panier scarf have entirely superseded the pleated straight scarf which tied in a draped knot or bow behind, except for girls under fifteen (for young girls wear this dress as grown-up ladies).

The favorite substitute is, however, a tunic open on the tablier, looped high on the hips, the ends behind forming spiral loops mixed with ribbon to enrich the simplicity of the cloth.

The cuffs and bias bands to trim these costumes are always of moire if in wool or cloth, or broche moire if the style be copied in satin merveilleux, rhadames, or any kind of satin surah.

The kilted skirts with an underskirt of silk, edged with narrow flounces, is a favorite model for silk, satin, or French or Indian cashmere, the upper part of the underskirt gauged to fit the figure.

At the various races some remarkably stylish costumes were worn made of cloth, those with the long redingotes being on the whole the favorites.

One of these toilettes has a long redingote of hussar-blue cloth, cut on a very elegant pattern, with long added basques open in front and behind over a skirt braided like a hussar's uniform in robings, the braid mixed with steel beads, epaulettes of the braid being on the shoulders; the military collar and plastron are braided exactly like a hussar officer's tunic, the loops of cord represented by brandenburghs fastening the garment.

This costume is slightly theatrical but very rich and becoming to a pretty woman.

For the same purpose the veste Chonan is much worn, it having more chic, being more fanciful than the fashionable jacket of cloth.

It has long square ends behind, all embroidered, as are also the large pockets and revers which are turned back over a waistcoat high in the neck edged with a pretty narrow ruche.

It can be worn over any toilette but looks best over a skirt of the same cloth, the tablier embroidered to match the basques, edged with a large ruche of cloth lined with satin of the same color or the color of the embroidery, which is sometimes of a contrasting or a darker shade.

Some very tasteful toilettes are made for important occasions such as garden parties, etc., of broche and lace, the satin skirt completely covered with loops and puffs of fleetle or biscuit blond.

A toilette of this description has a skirt of salmon-brown satin covered with lace, the corsage Louis XV. being of broche, a brown ground flowered with shaded pink carnations.

The tunic is very graceful, the two ends edged with lace and forming three loops of satin, each one arranged like a three-leaved shamrock. This is a very novel and elegant method.

A beautiful costume is of cashmere, the color of mountain-ash berries and camelia satin surah, embroided with silk matching the cashmere.

The plain cashmere skirt is edged with pleated ruche of cashmere lined with satin; on the hips the skirt consists of a wide bouillonne, a tunic of satin embroidered in large palms at the edge being draped diagonally, covering the left side but pleated up high, and showing the bouillonne beneath a rosette of grenat ribbon.

The back drapery and corsage are of cashmere lined with satin, the corsage open over a pleated chemisette of plain satin with revers of embroidered satin.

Nun's veiling forms beautiful toilettes for young ladies under five-and-twenty, whether married or not, suitable for even the most important occasions if made in a sufficiently stylish manner and trimmed with lace or moire, or the two combined. A dress of pale-blue nun's veiling is trimmed with white lace and seal-brown moire, this last being just sufficiently used to relieve the blue, but not to darken or in any way spoil the brightness of the costume. The skirt is arranged in box-pleats separated by a band of moire, a tassel-like pleat of white lace drooping down on each moire band, the tablier consisting of bouillonnes of the nun's veiling and white lace. The tunic is pleated into the waistband, and looped back to form long paniers, beneath which, behind, is a breadth of material gauged half way down and then ironed into large pleats. The corsage has the basques edged with a narrow bias band of moire, the large collar and revers being also of moire, a lace jabot trimming the fronts. The tight sleeves are covered to the elbow by long gloves. The chapeau is of Manilla straw lined with brown satin and draped with satin and a wreath of damask roses.

Fireside Chat.

NEEDLEWORK.

MARY JANE.—The newest night-dress cases and comb-bags are those embroidered in cross-stitch with washing silks, but you could make very pretty ones of fancy washing materials trimmed with ficelle-colored embroidery; if nicely made and trimmed the case and bag would be a very suitable present to give to your friend.

Leonie.—Any border in cross-stitch can be used for your table-cloth. It is not absolutely necessary that you should use only the colors red and blue, although only these two shades are popular. Choose any well-contrasting colors you prefer, and vary them as you think they will look best.

R. M.—There is a new kind of scrap-work for which you can utilize your scraps; take a band of linen or unbleached calico about four inches wide, and on this tack any pieces of velvet, velveteen, silk, satin, plush, broche, etc., across the band, making all the pieces the same size, four inches long by two wide. Place them with their edges close together and tack, but do not sew them firmly down. Then take some coarse embroidery silk and couch this on with fine silk between all the pieces and up each side of the band, and when this is completed embroider some flowing design right up the band with Japanese gold thread laid on, or, if you prefer it, a small pattern on each piece of the patchwork ground. This will make an admirable border for tablecloths or a band for the centre of a cushion, chair-back, etc.

You must, of course, be careful to arrange the colors of the band so that they harmonise well together, and do not use any pieces of thin silk, or materials of poor quality of any kind. You can, if you like, alternate the colors regularly, but this is not necessary to the work, which resembles applique more than patchwork.

Maiste.—In embroidering a baby's cloak, it is better to use silk of the same shade as the cashmere; if you prefer colored embroidery choose very delicate shades only. The hood should be of the same material as the cloak, and embroidered in the same way on the crown, curtain, and ruched border encircling the face.

A fine white or pale-cream cashmere is the best material; you can embroider all round the edge of the cloak if you wish it, but it will be a tedious piece of work, and we advise you to begin with the cape and hood.

Two Little Girls.—A very pretty present for your mama's birthday would be a set of toilet-covers and mats for her bedroom, worked in cross-stitch with olive-green and coral-pink washing silks. The first pattern on the sheet given in the February number will do very nicely for the borders of the narrow patterns in the January number will do for the D'oyleys.

Old Subscriber.—An upright pianos are no longer placed with their backs against the wall, but across an angle of the room, the performer sitting in the corner thus formed, it is very necessary that the backs should show something more ornamental than the ordinary silk covering, and that the decoration should be of a kind that, although it will prevent the dust from getting in it, will not prevent the sound from coming out.

The backs are therefore sometimes ornamented with hangings of antique, Chinese, or Japanese silks, which are light and pretty; plush, plain or embroidered, is also used in some cases, but the latest idea is to use French or Paisley shawls for piano-backs and other purposes, such as curtains and table cloths. The whole of the pattern is worked in different stitches with split Berlin wool, or fine crewels, the different stitches being adapted to different parts of the work and rather faded tints being used.

Odds and ends of wool can be utilized for this work, which take off from the flat look of the unembroidered shawl and is greatly improved if a little gold and silver thread is also used. A square shawl wrought in this way is a capital ornament for the back of a piano, and long shawls are made into window curtains and portieres, only not being wide enough alone, and as two different shawls could not well be employed for one window or door, the second curtain is made of plain material with a worked border in the same kind of design as the shawl. Arranged in this way there is no objection to the shawl curtains being different, as the plain ones give the look of unity which is essential to a well-furnished room. The curtains are usually draped to cross at the top, the plain one being under the shawl curtain and drawn back rather tightly, while the more ornamental curtain is well displayed.

A Subscriber.—The very small D'oyleys embroidered in outline stitch are not used at all. They are only for ornament, and are taken off the plate and put under it directly the fruit is to be put upon it, or laid at the side.

Laura.—Embroider your sofa cushion in stem and darning stitch, and in point Russe, with embroidery silk in two shades each of pink blue, heliotrope, brown, and red, upon a groundwork of black satin. This has a most charming effect, the dark shining surface of satin throwing up the brighter colors to perfection.

Mrs. L.—Flowers are appliqued on to plush, and look exceedingly handsome, especially if the pattern chosen is a bold one and the colors of the silks are bright and rich looking. Applique work affords many suggestions for using up the odds and ends of handsome materials; for instance, we have seen a curtain trimmed with a band of Roman satin on which meandered a thick stalk worked in crewels, from which hung large flowers, clove pink, white rose, lily, etc., all cut out in different materials, satin, velvet, plush, or cashmere, the foliage and petals being slightly veined with silk.

Nancy Bell.—Embroider your garden chair backs on coarse linen with a large design in crewels, in poppies or some other showy flowers, and edge them with red and blue Russian thread lace. This sort of work looks very effective done in coarse ingrained knitting cotton.

Amateur.—Embroider your screen in the Renaissance style; it will be quite as effective, or even more so, than hand painting.

Correspondence.

A. R., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—We must confess that, often as we have read about love-knots, we never saw one, and have no idea how the "ribbon blue," could be "tied into a love-knot true." But Dr. Johnson says that a love-knot is a complicated knot; a sort of love favor, representing mutual attachment.

JESSIE, (Hardemann, Tenn.)—The reason why Abigail is used as a general term for a female domestic servant, probably had its origin in the words addressed by Abigail to David, 1 Sam. xxv. 41; where she says, "Behold, let thine handmaid be a servant to wash the feet of the servants of my lord."

READER, (Sampson, N. C.)—The letters I. H. S. signify "Jesus Hominum Salvator," "Jesus, the Saviour of men. 2. It is the motto of the Order of the Garter, and signifies "Shame be to him who evil thinks." It originated in this way. At a ball given by Edward III., the Countess of Salisbury's garter became loose and fell on the floor: it was picked up by the king, and gallantly handed to the fair lady. The king was rallied on the subject by his courtiers, and returned the answer that forms the motto.

IMPATIENT, (Newtown, Pa.)—You tell us a bare fact without giving us any details by which we may guide our judgment in advising you. You neither state your own age, the age of the gentleman, nor the reason assigned by your parents for their objection. Possibly if we were in possession of these details, we might discover that your parents are only acting for your best interests. If your lover is honorable and really attached to you, he will endeavor to overcome your parents' objection. At all events, wait awhile; do not act in accordance with the name you have assumed, and remember the commandment to "Honor thy father and thy mother."

JAMIE, (Fairfax, Va.)—Roland was supposed to be a nephew of Charlemagne. He was warden of the marches of Brittany, and a very remarkable hero. He is said to have been killed at Roncesvalles, in the year 778, when Charlemagne was returning from a successful expedition into Spain. The rear guard of his army, in which were Roland and most of the other Paladins, was assailed at Roncesvalles by a body of revolted Gascons. The French knights performed prodigies of valor, but the battle went against them, and they were nearly all slain. Roland was accidentally, but fatally, wounded by his dearest friend Oliver, who had himself received a death blow and was blinded by his own blood.

FIDUS, (Des Moines, Ia.)—You have apparently acted under the influence of a feeling of mortification at your rejection by the first lady, and, as is always the case, have taken the wrong course. You have placed yourself in a very delicate position, in which we do not see how we can advise you to act in accordance with your wishes. You may have obtained the affections of the young lady to whom you have engaged yourself, and if so, to break off the engagement would be to inflict upon her an amount of distress that would be inexcusable without a proper cause, and perhaps expose to an action for breach of promise. Consider well before you act; but let your decision be becoming a man of honor.

W. A., (Nashville, Tenn.)—No; "a person of vast information" is not necessarily "a person of knowledge." His information may be erroneous, or so mixed with error as to spoil it. Should you be informed that the French had captured Alsace, that would be information. And if news should come the next day that the French had not captured Alsace, that would be information. And contradictory reports might keep coming daily, so that we should have a good deal of information on the subject, but no knowledge. Information may be true, or it may be untrue; but knowledge is sure. When it becomes absolutely certain that an event has come to pass, or that a thing is thus and so beyond a doubt, and a person knows it to be so, then he has knowledge on the subject.

PRENTIS, (Hardin, Ky.)—1. Some of our best alto singers are made adults. Practice scales regularly every day, but never strain or weary the voice. 2. We do not like to set a son in opposition to his father, but if the latter is serious in what he asserts, to wit, that there is no such thing as love between the sexes, he knows but little of human nature. Moreover, he should have known better than tell his son that he did not marry his (the son's) mother for love, but only for comfort's sake. 3. The greatest men in every country are agreed that some spare time cannot be better employed than in the reading of good novels. 4. It is quite possible for a boy of eighteen to fall in love with a woman of twenty-eight, but do we not think that the attachment can be so strong as between a man of eight-and-twenty and a young lady of eighteen.

LEX, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The phrase "peine forte et dure" means "pain strong and hard." In former days, when a prisoner, arraigned for trial, was asked the usual question, "Guilty, or not guilty?" and refused to answer, his offence was called "standing mute," and the court then, according to Blackstone, ordered that the prisoner be remanded to the prison from whence he came, and put into a low, dark chamber, and there to lie on his back on the bare floor naked; that there he placed upon his body as great a weight of iron as he could bear and more; that he have no sustenance save only on the first day three morsels of the worst bread, for the second day three drafts of standing water that should be nearest to the prison door, and in this situation this should be alternately his daily diet till he died, or as the ancient judgment ran, till he answered.

ESTHER, (New York, N. Y.)—You ask us to decide between you and a friend, whether bridal gifts should be things of beauty merely, or useful articles. Bridal gifts, it is well known, are supposed to be dictated by respect and love; why not, then, make them useful? Instead of being a perpetual holiday, married life is full of work, worry and care, for the majority of people. In view of this, the wedding, the wedding trousseau and the wedding presents, should be sensible and suitable in all respects. A judicious lady of our acquaintance, whose example might well be imitated, has a large circle of friends, and she is frequently called upon to give wedding presents. What do you suppose she gives? Not silver, jewelry or filigree knick-knacks, we assure you, but a sewing machine, a set of knives and forks, a comfortable sofa, or a dozen each of china, dish and bedroom towels, with half a dozen big aprons, and three or four iron-holders. How acceptable such things must prove to the young bride who has not had the forethought to provide them for herself! How much more she appreciates them than fancy match-safes or gold-lined napkin rings; and how it impresses upon her the necessity for a lavish display of common sense in the selection of wedding gifts.